

—STAR WARS—
DARK DROIDS

BOUNTY HUNTERS

WHAT IS
JANGO FETT's

CONNECTION
TO THE SCOURGE
OF THE DROIDS?



A last-ditch effort to save Valance's slipping grip on humanity forced T'onga and the bounty hunters to team up with Boba Fett in exchange for coordinates to an enigmatic cybernetics fixer.

Their target? A name that has been whispered in the darkest recesses of the underworld for decades, dating back to an ill-fated mission undertaken by the legendary Jango Fett!

But time is not on the side of the hunters.

With her former mentor, Khel Tanna, angling for the captain's seat, and a tempestuous crew of cutthroats that includes Bossk, Zuckuss, 4-LOM, Durge and Deathstick, can T'onga hold the team together long enough to save her friend?

STAR WARS

**BOUNTY
HUNTERS**

THE PATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, PART 1

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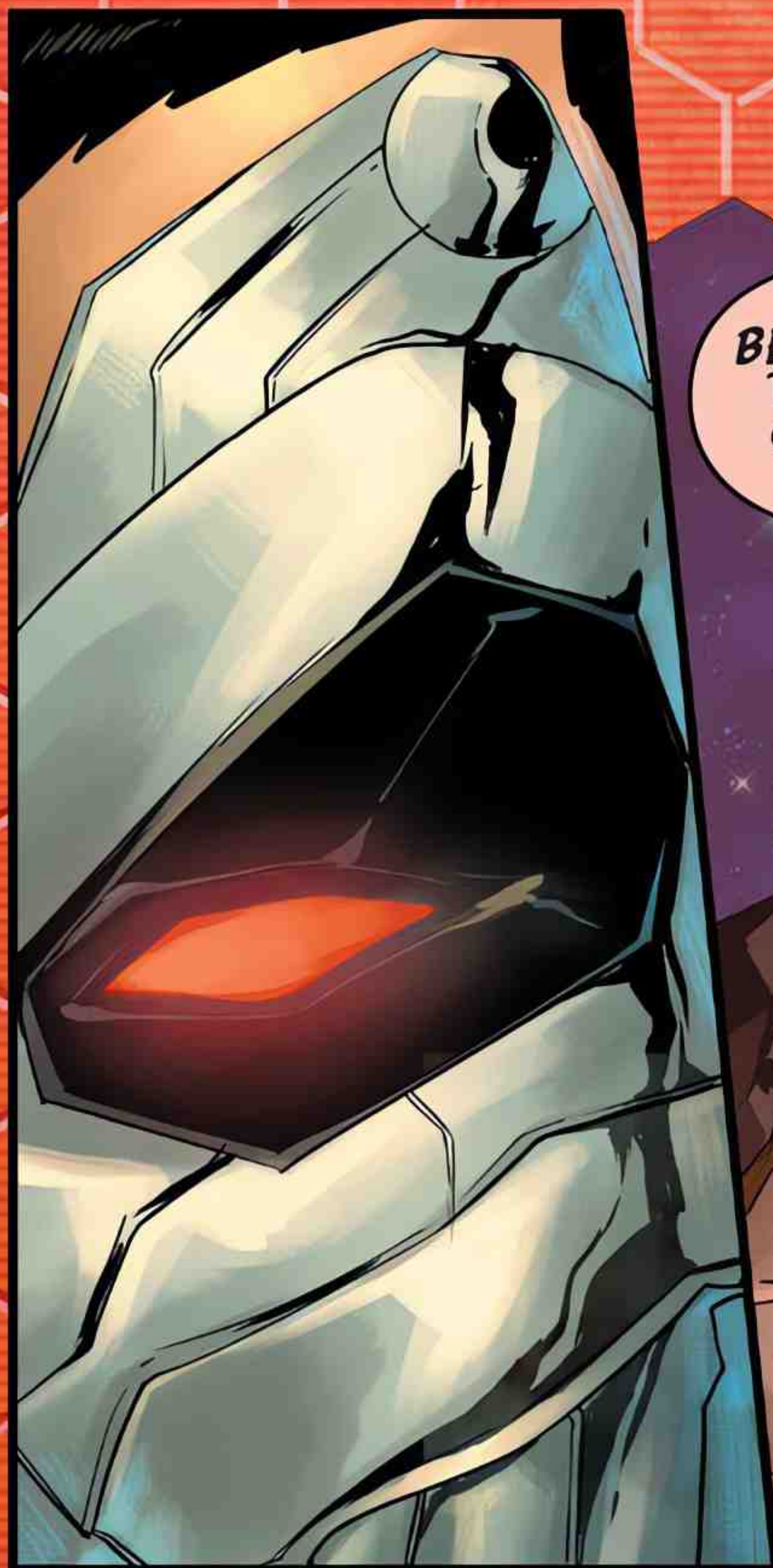
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OH,
BEILERT, I WISH
THIS MOMENT
COULD LAST
FOREVER.



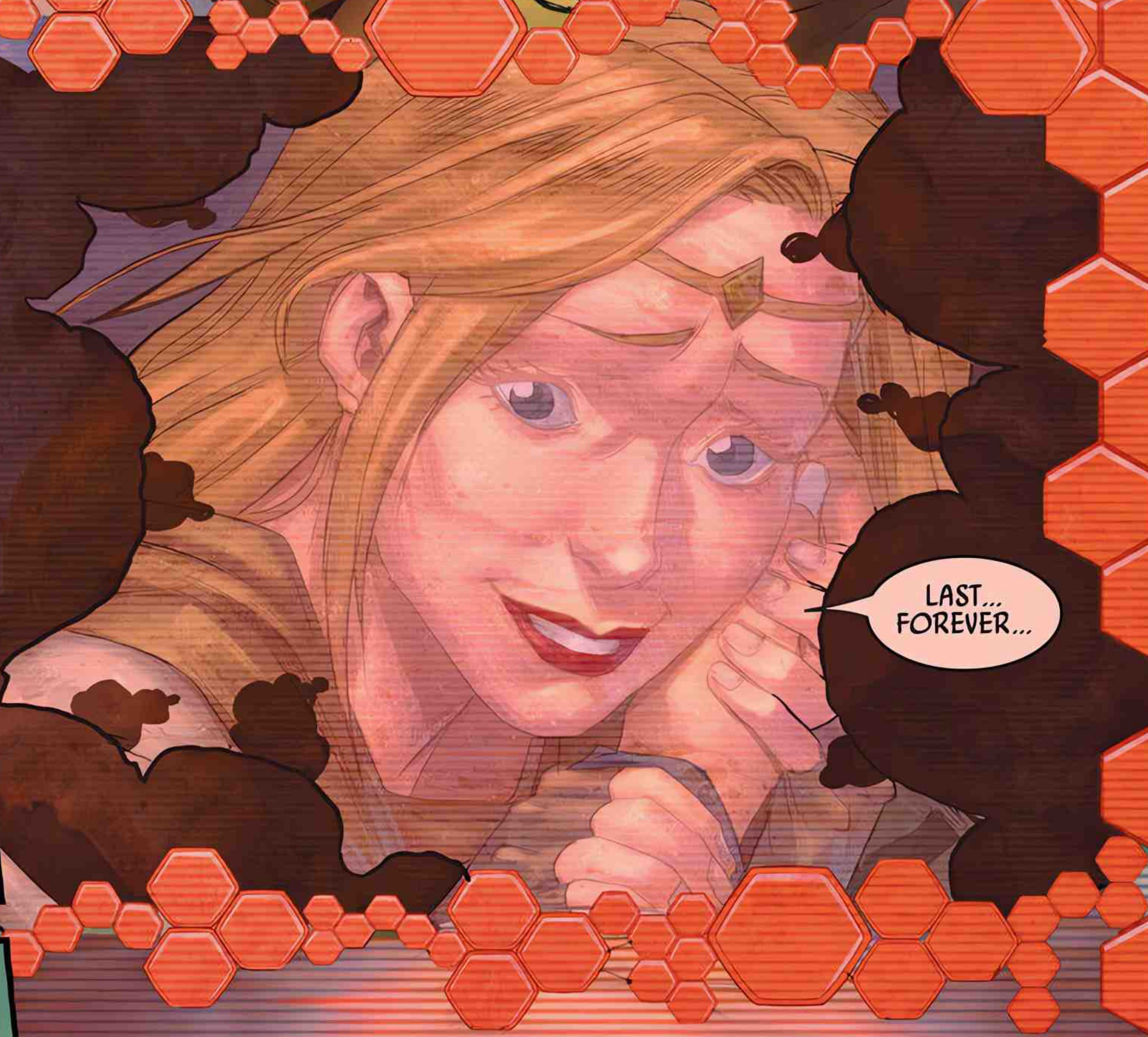
DON'T
BE SO
DRAMATIC, YURA.
WE'LL HAVE
A LIFETIME
OF THEM.



I WON'T
FORGET
YOU.

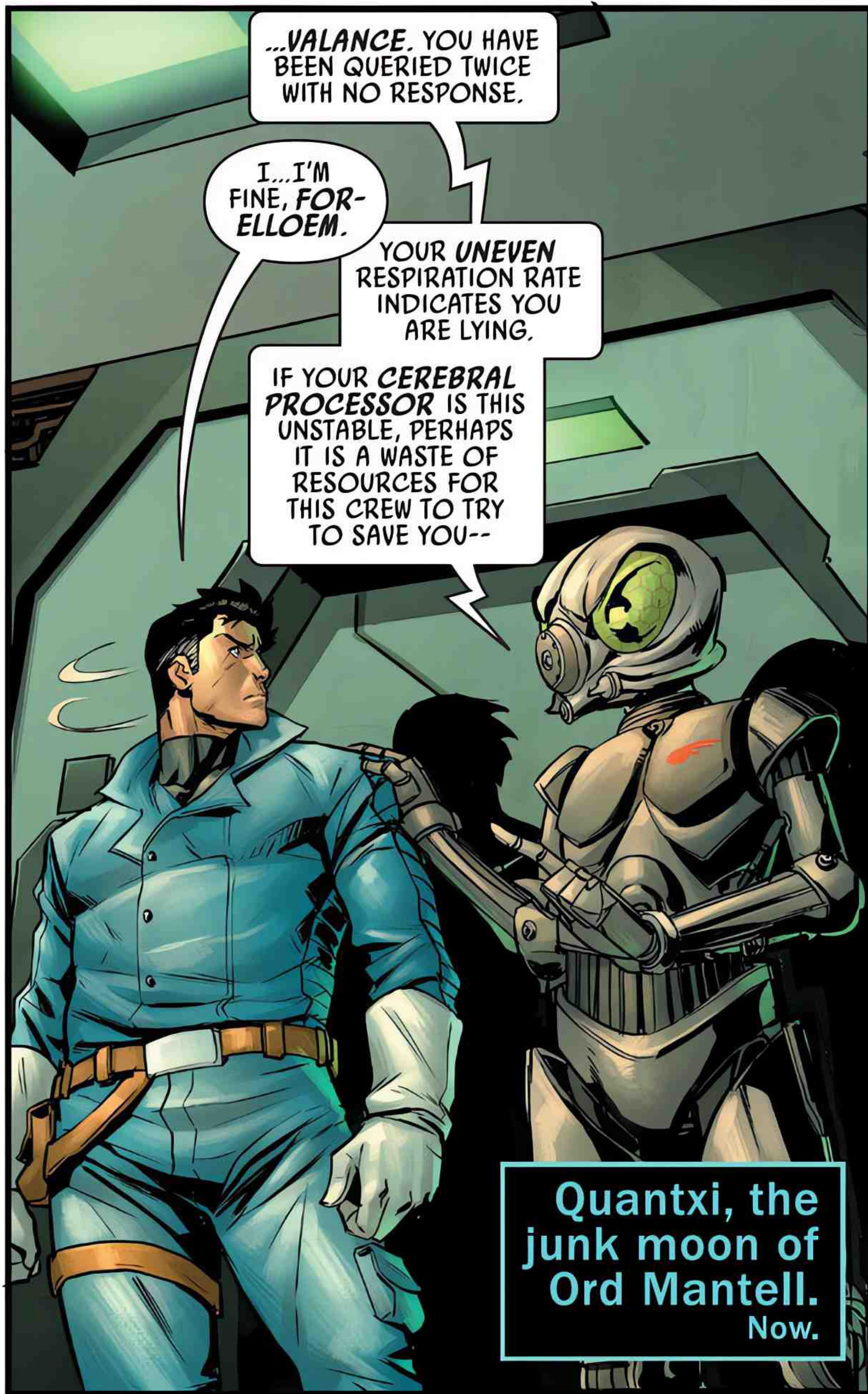


UNNN...



LAST...
FOREVER...

BEILERT...



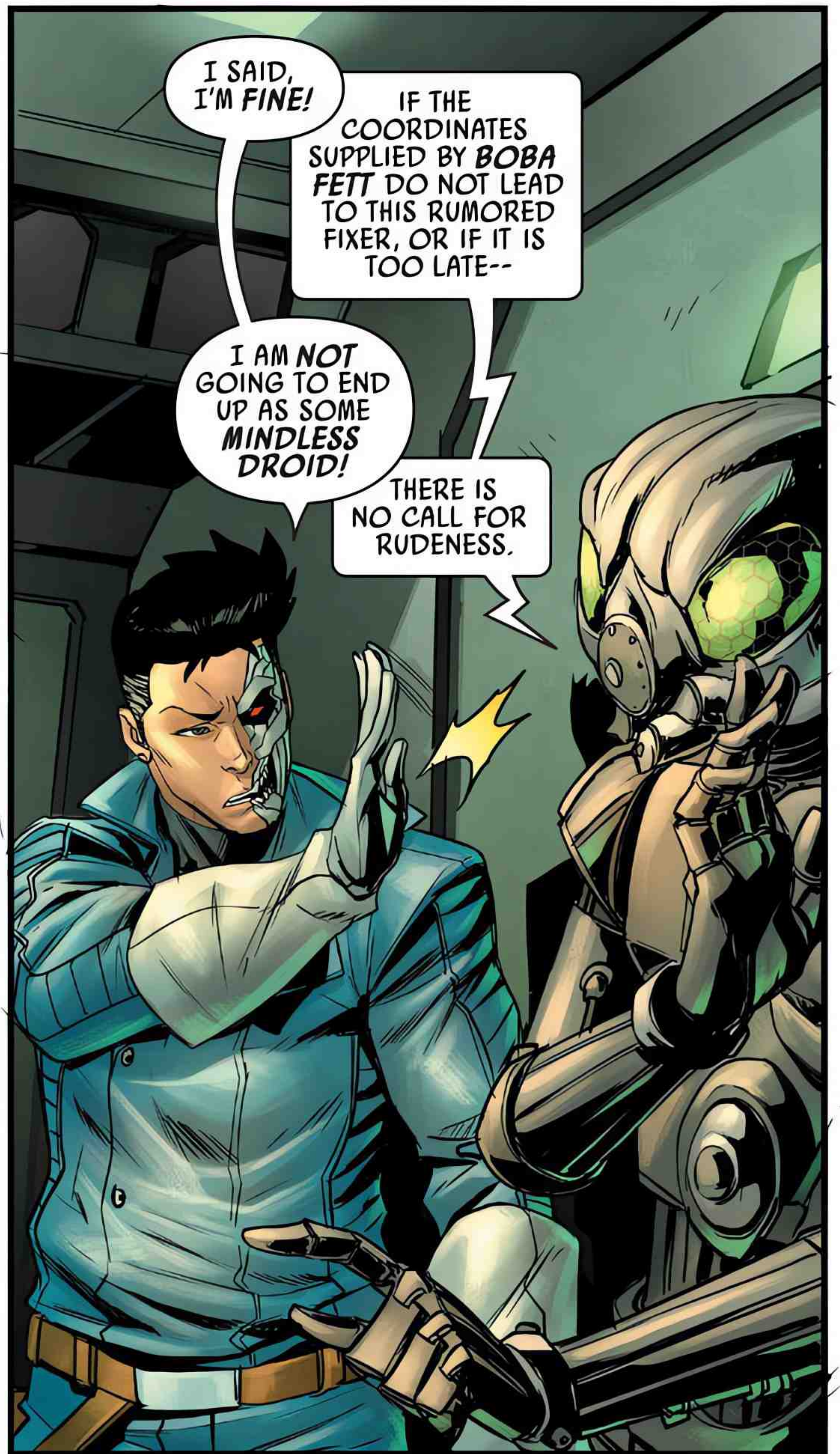
...**VALANCE**. YOU HAVE BEEN QUERIED TWICE WITH NO RESPONSE.

I...I'M FINE, **FOR-ELLOEM**.

YOUR **UNEVEN** RESPIRATION RATE INDICATES YOU ARE LYING.

IF YOUR **CEREBRAL PROCESSOR** IS THIS UNSTABLE, PERHAPS IT IS A WASTE OF RESOURCES FOR THIS CREW TO TRY TO SAVE YOU--

Quantxi, the junk moon of Ord Mantell. Now.



I SAID, I'M FINE!

IF THE COORDINATES SUPPLIED BY **BOBA FETT** DO NOT LEAD TO THIS RUMORED FIXER, OR IF IT IS TOO LATE--

I AM **NOT** GOING TO END UP AS SOME **MINDLESS DROID**!

THERE IS NO CALL FOR RUDENESS.



WE'RE TAKING A BIG RISK CHASING A DUBIOUS LEAD.

I KNOW **VALANCE** IS YOUR FRIEND, BUT--

THIS WILL WORK, **KHEL**. IT HAS TO.

YEAH, **T'ONGA**, BUT CAN WE TRUST **BOBA FETT**? I MEAN--



"--HOW DOES HE EVEN KNOW ABOUT THIS... **KLIGSON**?"

Years ago.
Deep in the
Outer Rim.

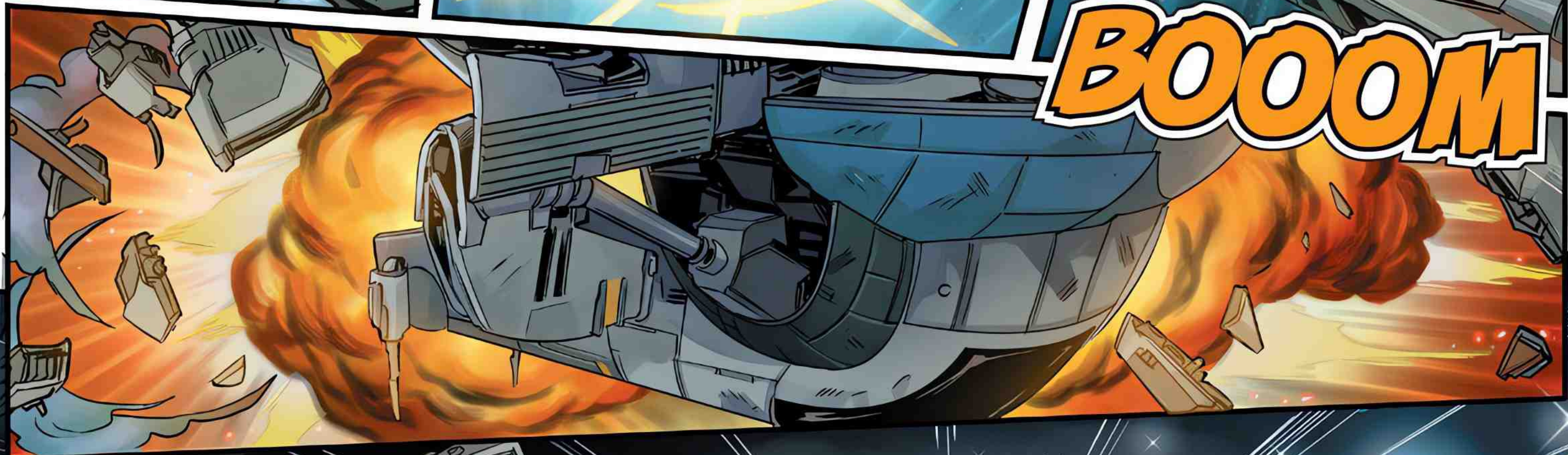
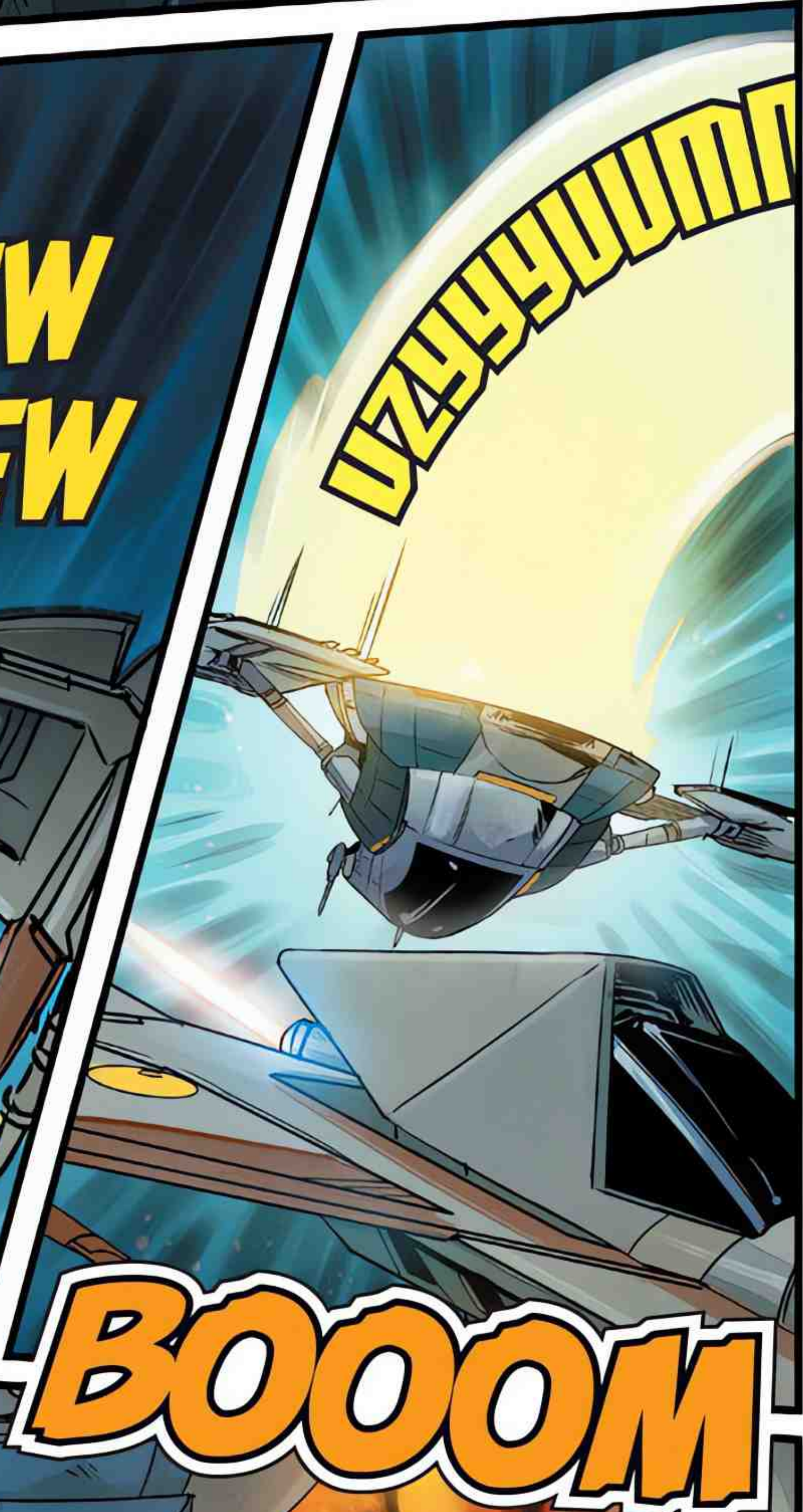
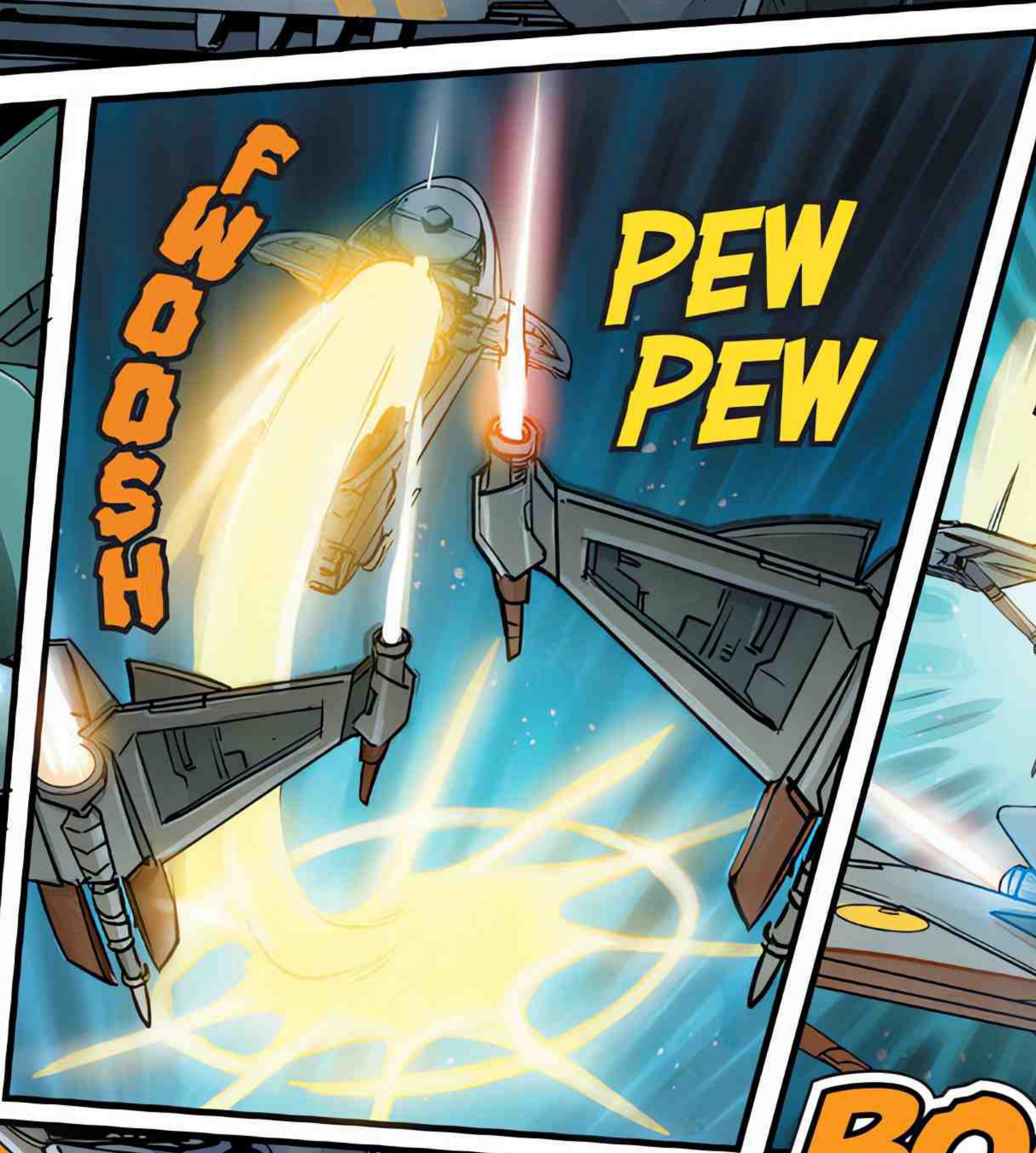


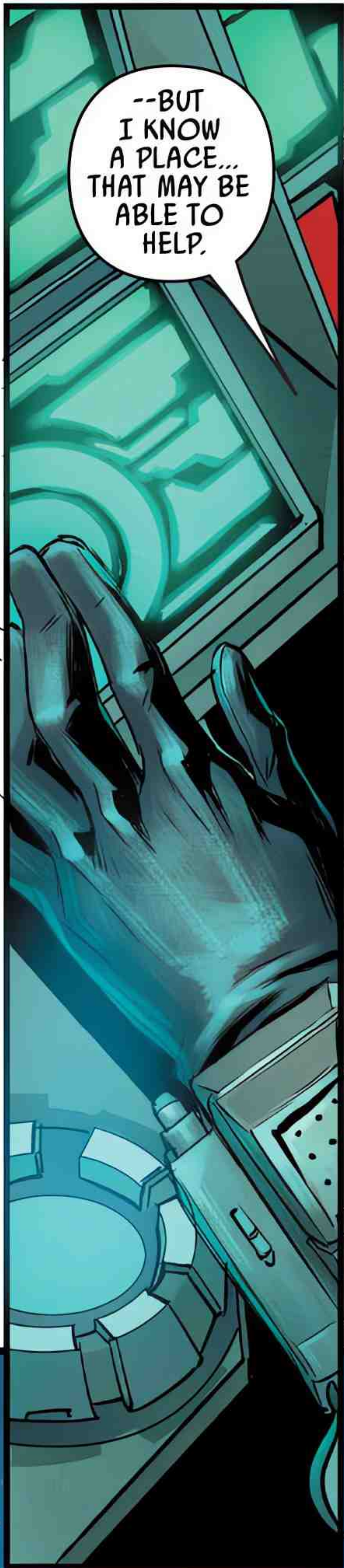
HOLD ON,
KLIGSON...I'M
GOING TO SHAKE OFF
THESE *PIRATES* AND
GET YOU MEDICAL
AID.

I THINK...
IT'S A BIT LATE
FOR THAT...OLD
FRIEND...

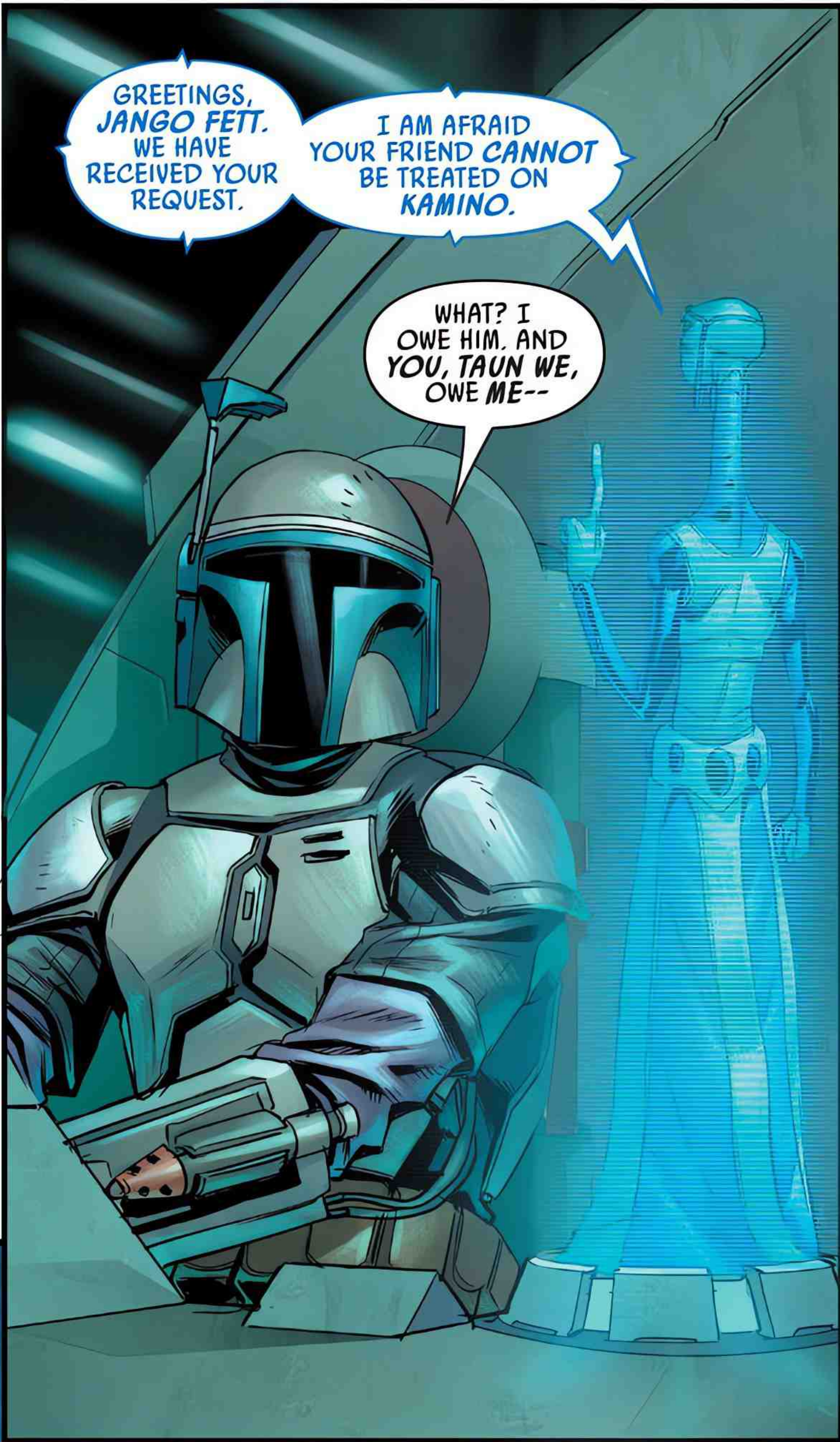
SHOULDA
LEFT ME...BACK
THERE, *JANGO*.







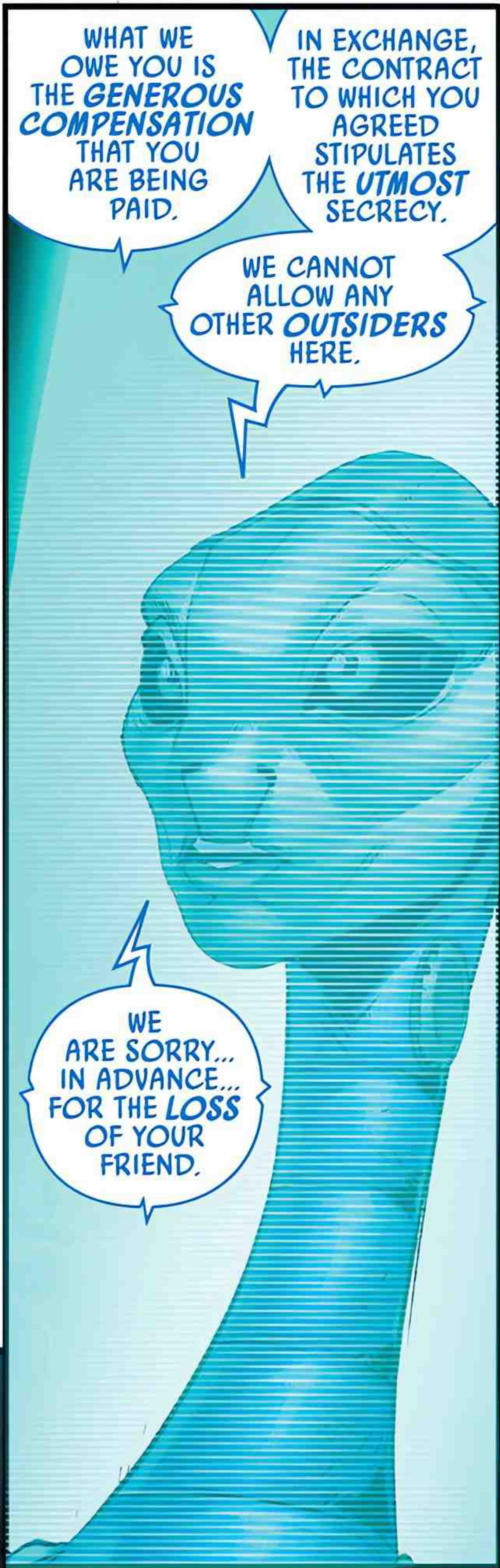
--BUT
I KNOW
A PLACE...
THAT MAY BE
ABLE TO
HELP.



GREETINGS,
JANGO FETT.
WE HAVE
RECEIVED YOUR
REQUEST.

I AM AFRAID
YOUR FRIEND **CANNOT**
BE TREATED ON
KAMINO.

WHAT? I
OWE HIM. AND
YOU, TAUN WE,
OWE ME--

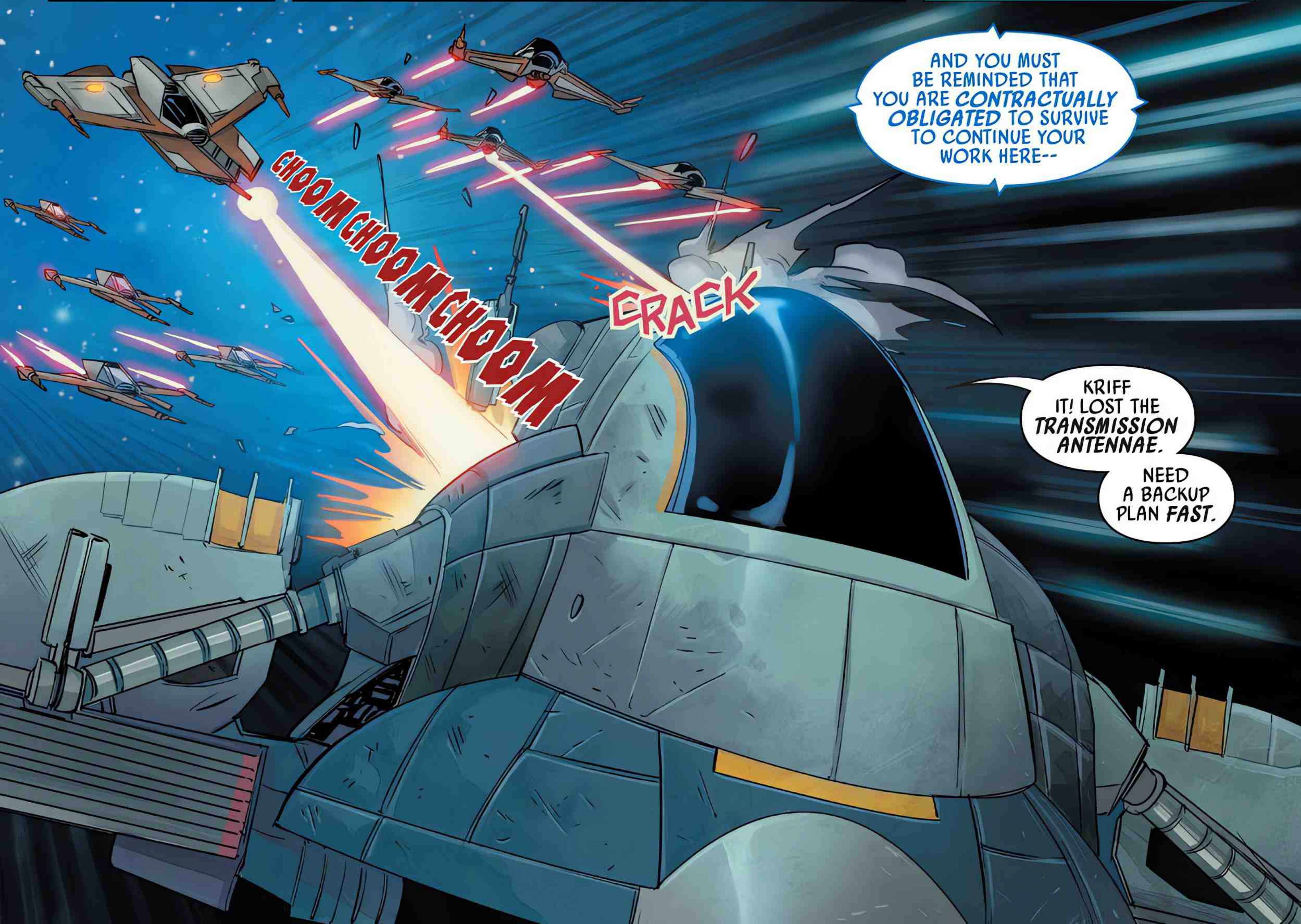


WHAT WE
OWE YOU IS
THE **GENEROUS**
COMPENSATION
THAT YOU
ARE BEING
PAID.

IN EXCHANGE,
THE CONTRACT
TO WHICH YOU
AGREED
STIPULATES
THE **UTMOST**
SECURITY.

WE CANNOT
ALLOW ANY
OTHER **OUTSIDERS**
HERE.

WE
ARE SORRY...
IN ADVANCE...
FOR THE **LOSS**
OF YOUR
FRIEND.



AND YOU MUST
BE REMINDED THAT
YOU ARE **CONTRACTUALLY**
OBLIGATED TO SURVIVE
TO CONTINUE YOUR
WORK HERE--

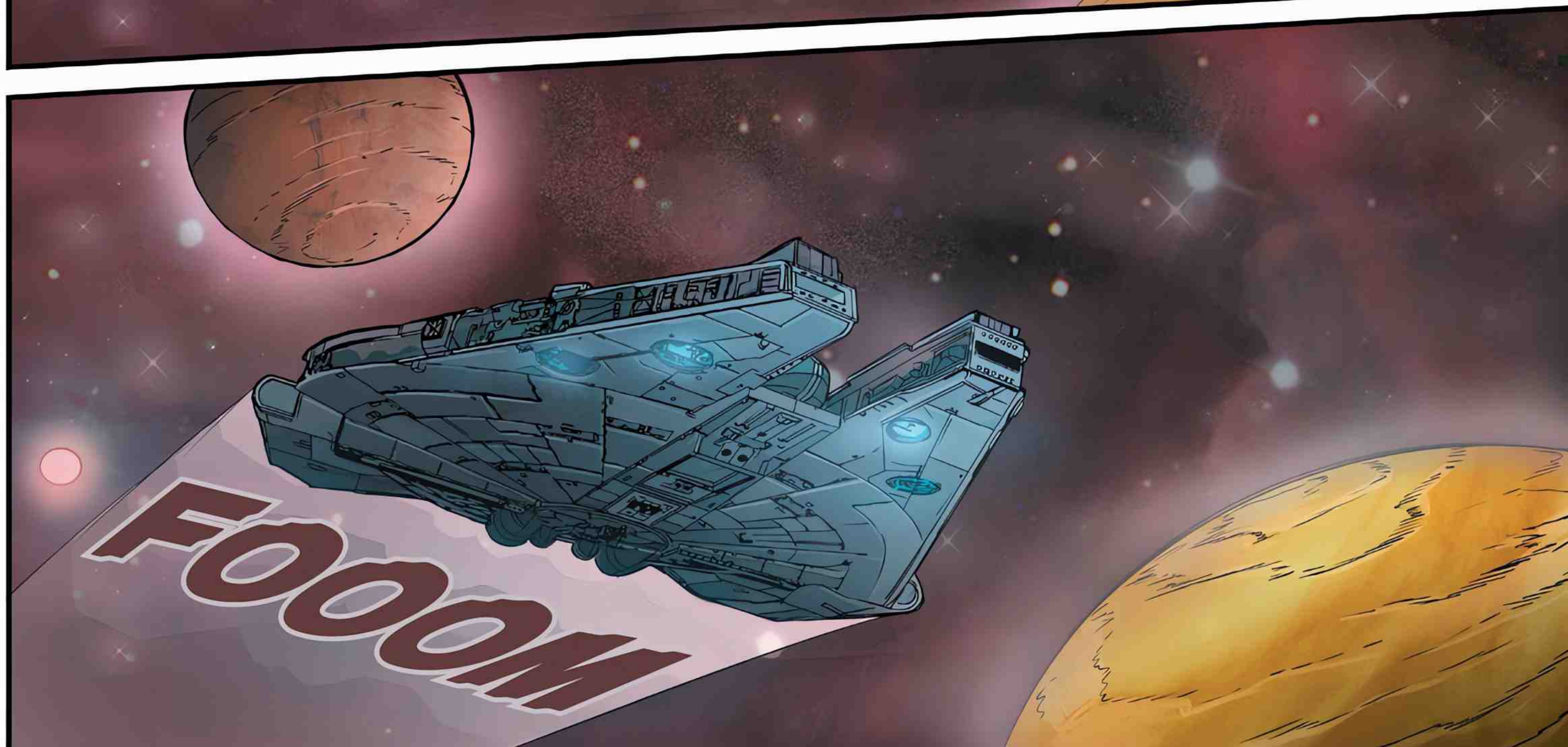
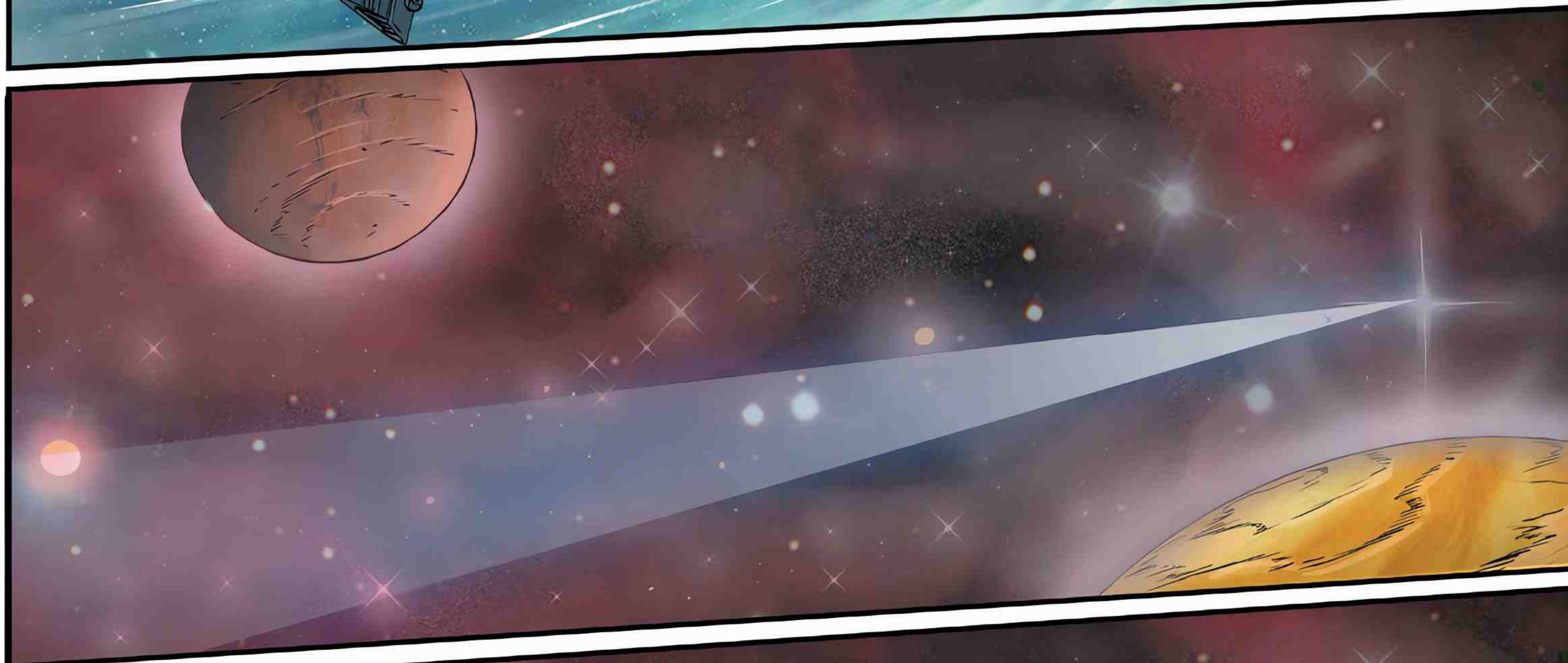
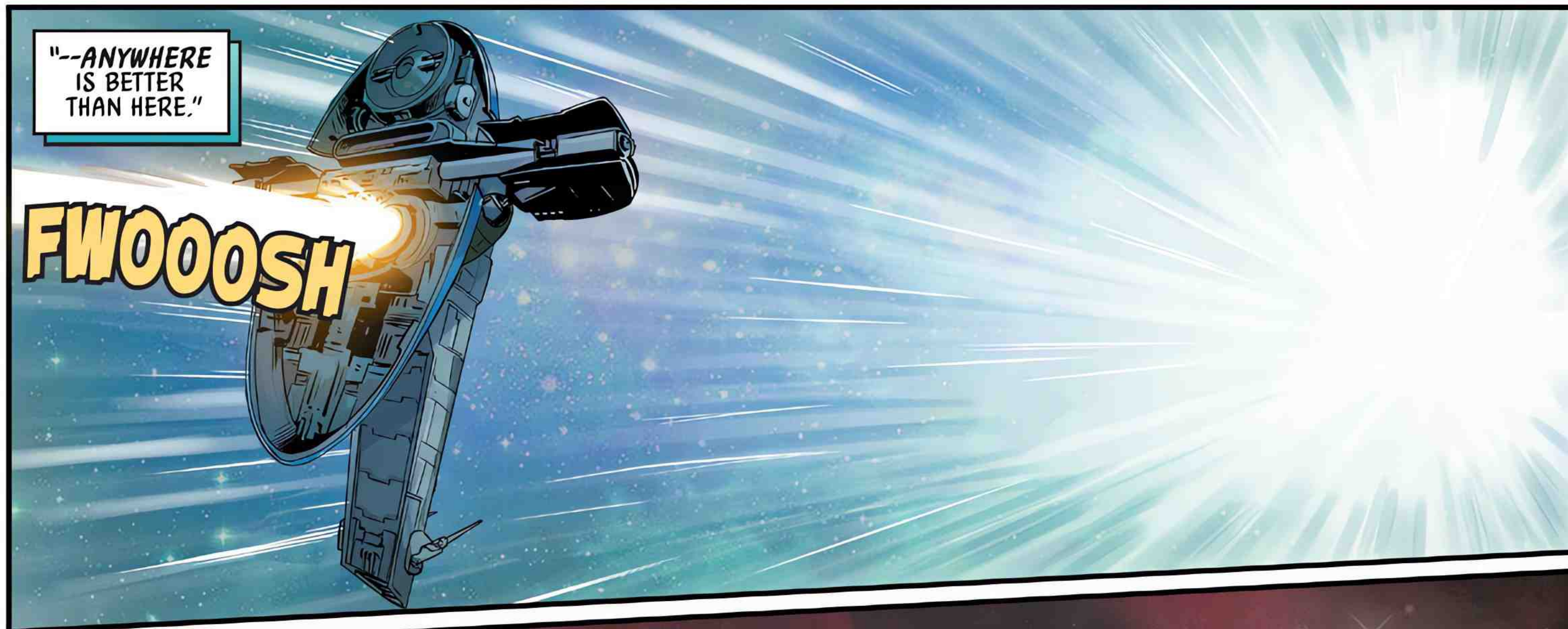
CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM

CRACK

KRIFF
IT! LOST THE
TRANSMISSION
ANTENNAE.

NEED
A BACKUP
PLAN **FAST.**







I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THERE'S **NOTHING** OUT
THERE BUT A REMOTE
MOON THAT'S **NOT**
EVEN ON THE STAR
CHARTS.

OH, I
UNDERSTAND,
ALL RIGHT.

BOBA
FETT--



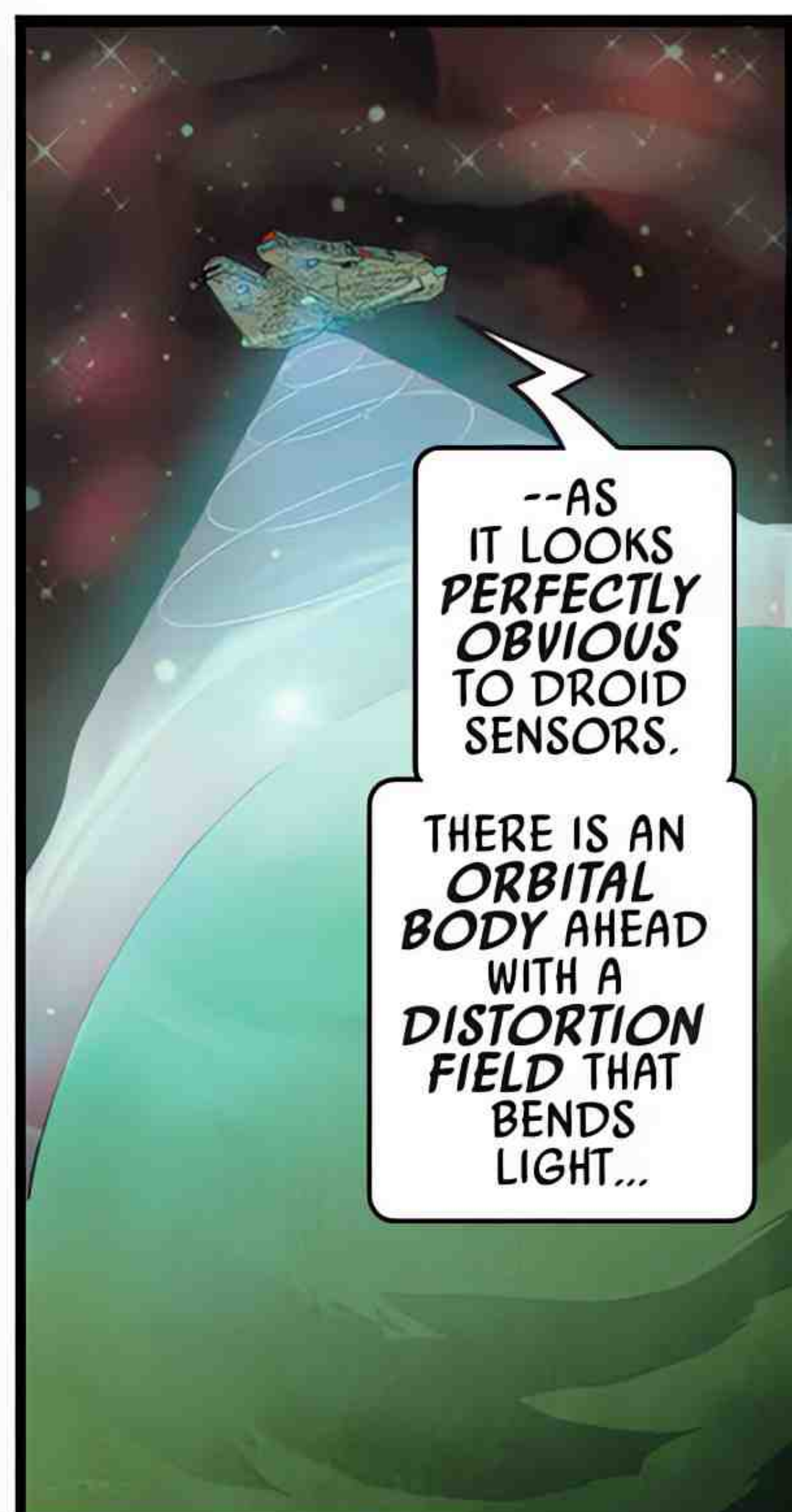
--SENT US ON A
WILD-CONVOR
CHASE!



DO YOUR
FINDSMAN
SKILLS DETECT
ANYTHING WE'RE
MISSING?

ZUCKUSS
SENSES...
SOMETHING...IS
OUT THERE.

PERHAPS
ORGANIC OPTICAL
RECEPTORS ARE
FLAWED--



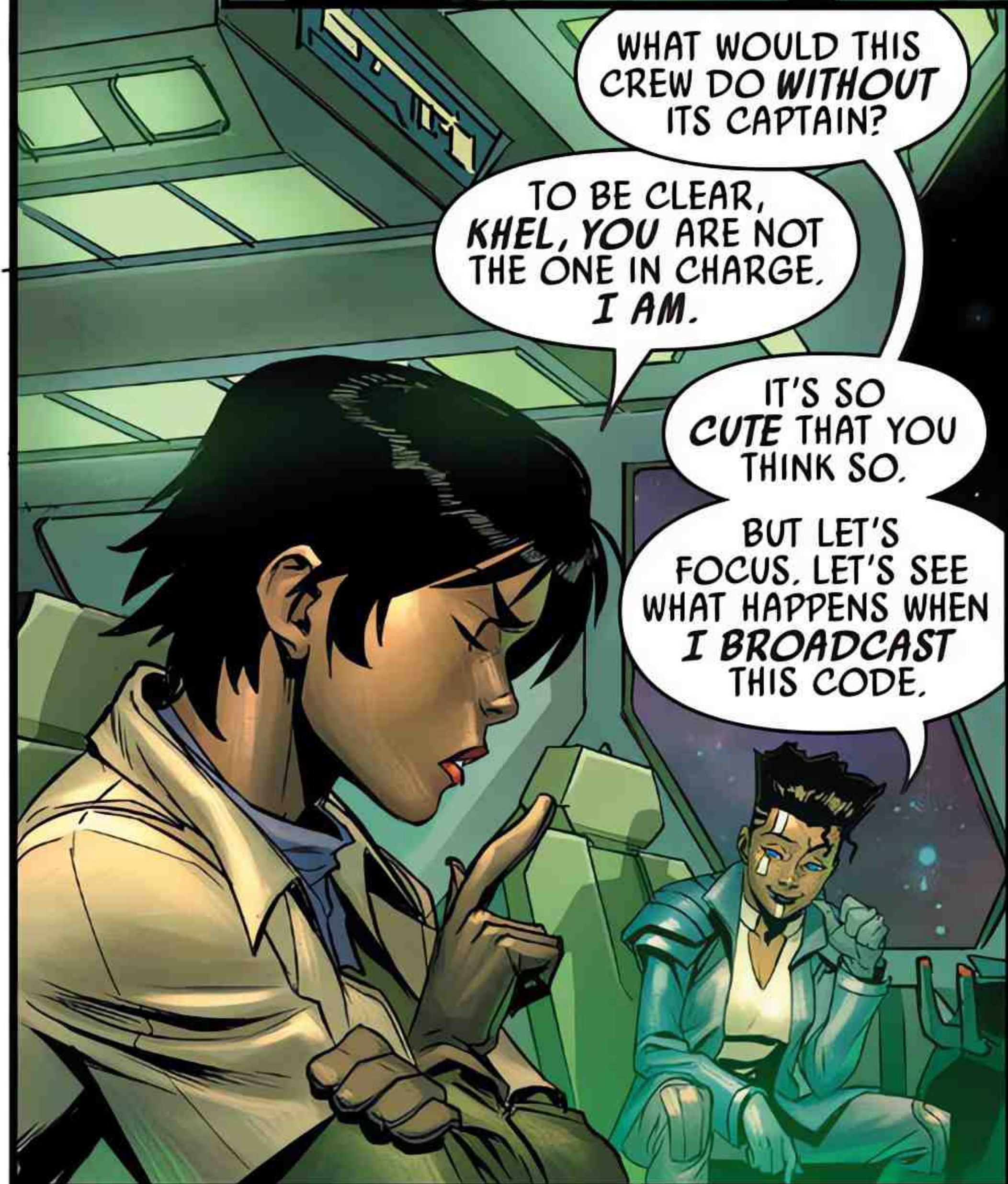
--AS
IT LOOKS
PERFECTLY
OBVIOUS
TO DROID
SENSORS.

THERE IS AN
ORBITAL
BODY AHEAD
WITH A
DISTORTION
FIELD THAT
BENDS
LIGHT...



SOMEBODY
DOESN'T WANT
TO BE FOUND.

WAIT!
THESE AREN'T JUST
COORDINATES IN
THE DATA BOBA FETT
PROVIDED--THERE'S
A **CODE**.



WHAT WOULD THIS
CREW DO **WITHOUT**
ITS CAPTAIN?

TO BE CLEAR,
KHEL, YOU ARE NOT
THE ONE IN CHARGE.
I AM.

IT'S SO
CUTE THAT YOU
THINK SO.

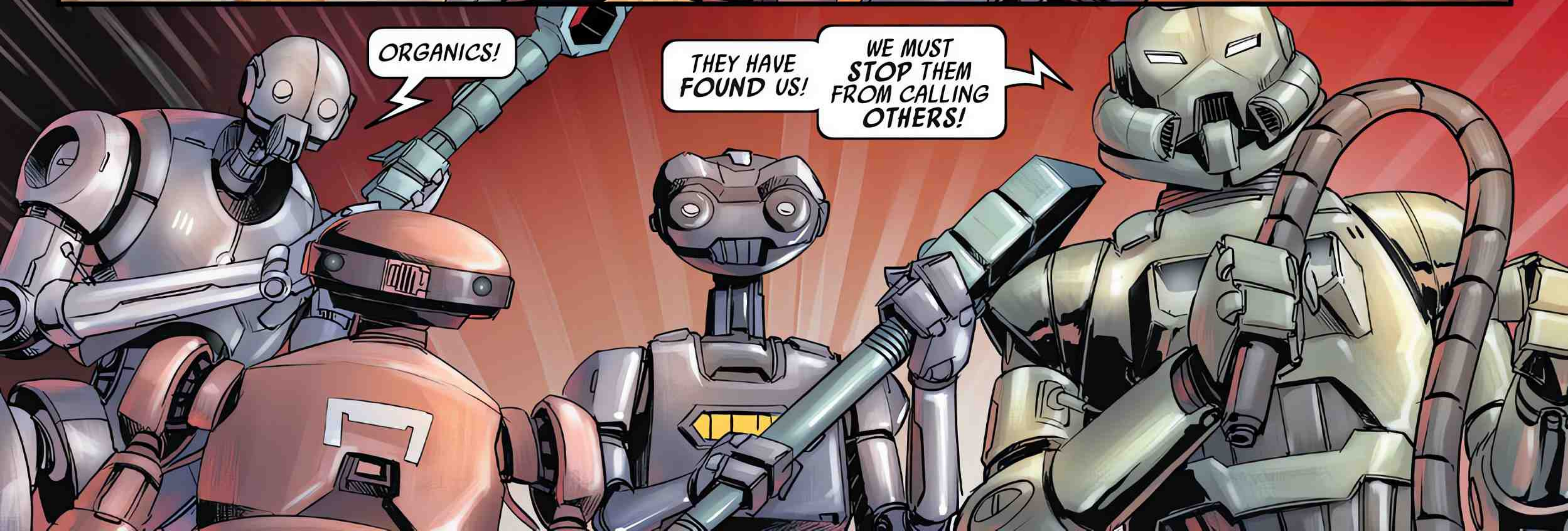
BUT LET'S
FOCUS. LET'S SEE
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
I BROADCAST
THIS CODE.

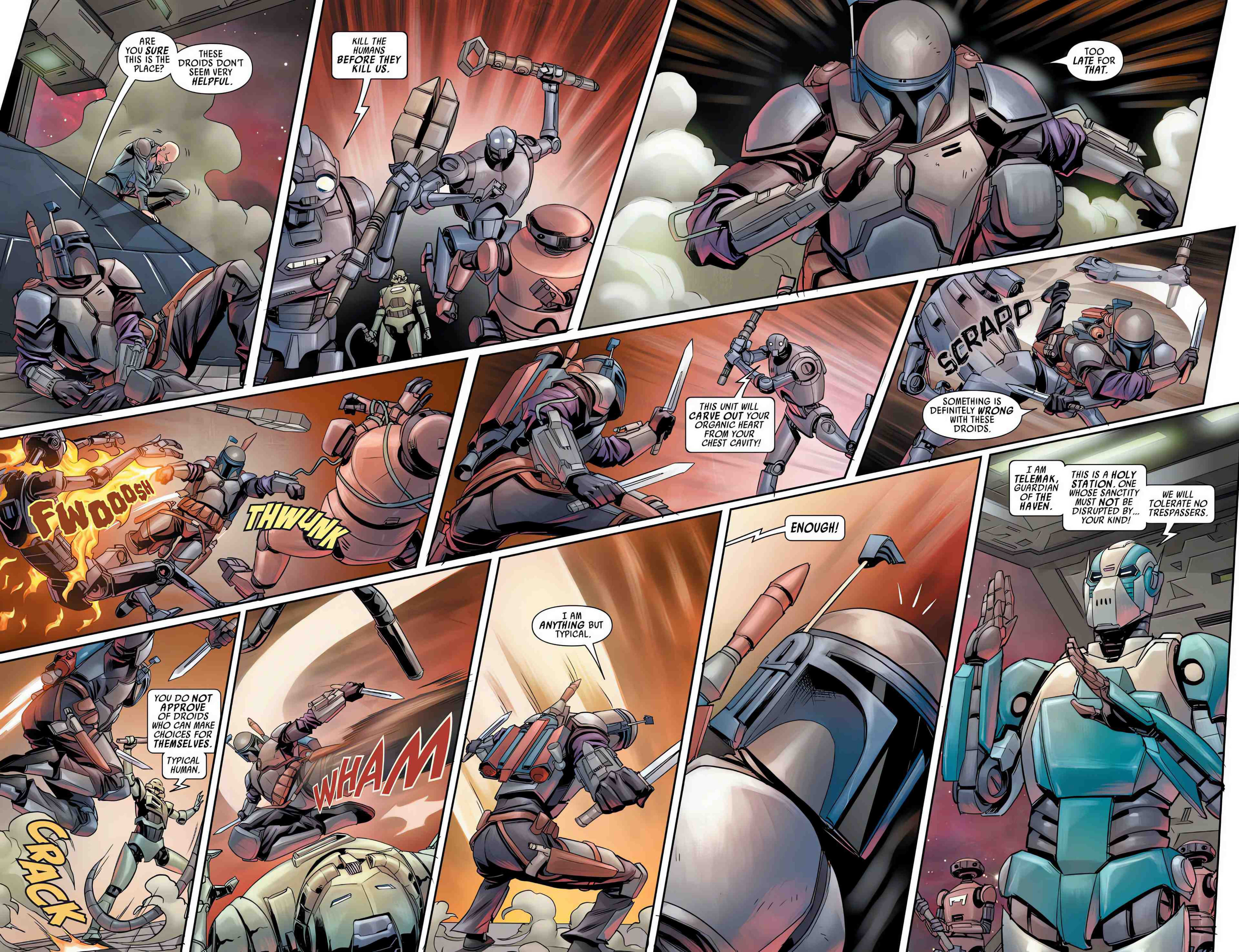


I...I THINK
WE **FOUND**
IT--

"--WHATEVER
IT IS."







ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

THESE DROIDS DON'T SEEM VERY HELPFUL.

KILL THE HUMANS BEFORE THEY KILL US.

TOO LATE FOR THAT.

SCRAPP

SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY WRONG WITH THESE DROIDS.

THIS UNIT WILL CARVE OUT YOUR ORGANIC HEART FROM YOUR CHEST CAVITY!

Fwoosh

THWUNK

ENOUGH!

I AM ANYTHING BUT TYPICAL.

YOU DO NOT APPROVE OF DROIDS WHO CAN MAKE CHOICES FOR THEMSELVES.

TYPICAL HUMAN.

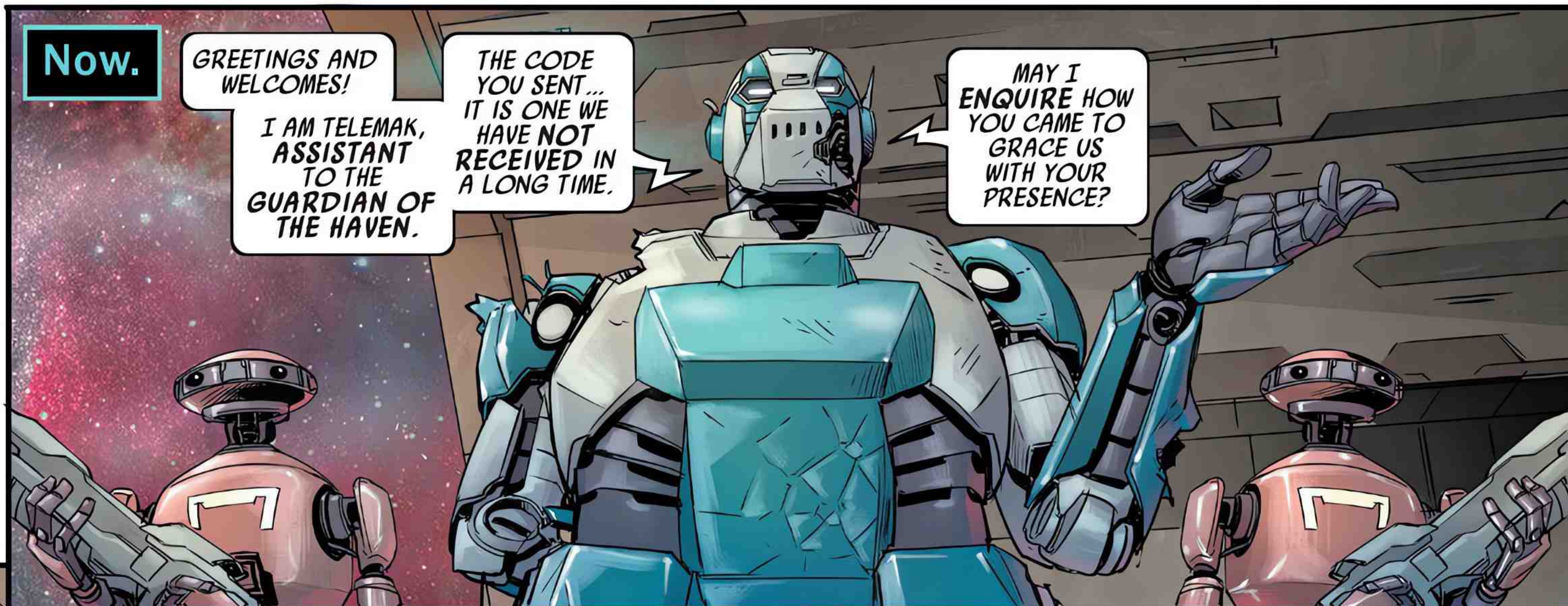
WHAM

CRACK

I AM TELEMAK, GUARDIAN OF THE HAVEN.

THIS IS A HOLY STATION. ONE WHOSE SANCTITY MUST NOT BE DISRUPTED BY... YOUR KIND!

WE WILL TOLERATE NO TRESPASSERS.



Now.

GREETINGS AND WELCOMES!

I AM TELEMAK,
ASSISTANT
TO THE
GUARDIAN OF
THE HAVEN.

THE CODE
YOU SENT...
IT IS ONE WE
HAVE NOT
RECEIVED IN
A LONG TIME.

MAY I
ENQUIRE HOW
YOU CAME TO
GRACE US
WITH YOUR
PRESENCE?



WE'VE
TRAVELED A
LONG WAY TO
HELP OUR
FRIEND.

WE'RE
LOOKING FOR A
CYBORG EXPERT BY
THE NAME OF KLIGSON.
WE LEARNED OF THIS
PLACE FROM A BOUNTY
HUNTER YOU MAY
KNOW.

FETT.



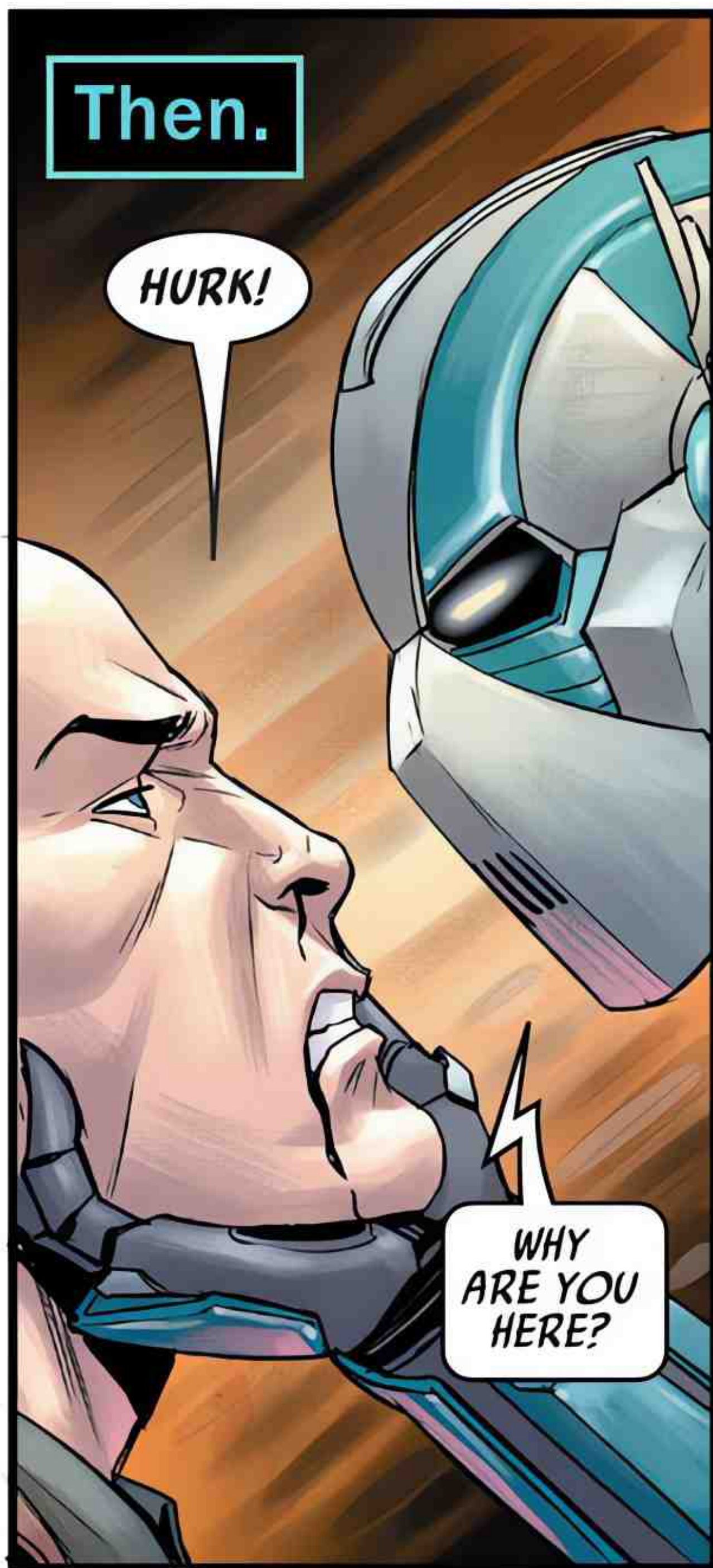
JANGO?



YOU ARE
PERFECTION.

UH...
THANK
YOU?

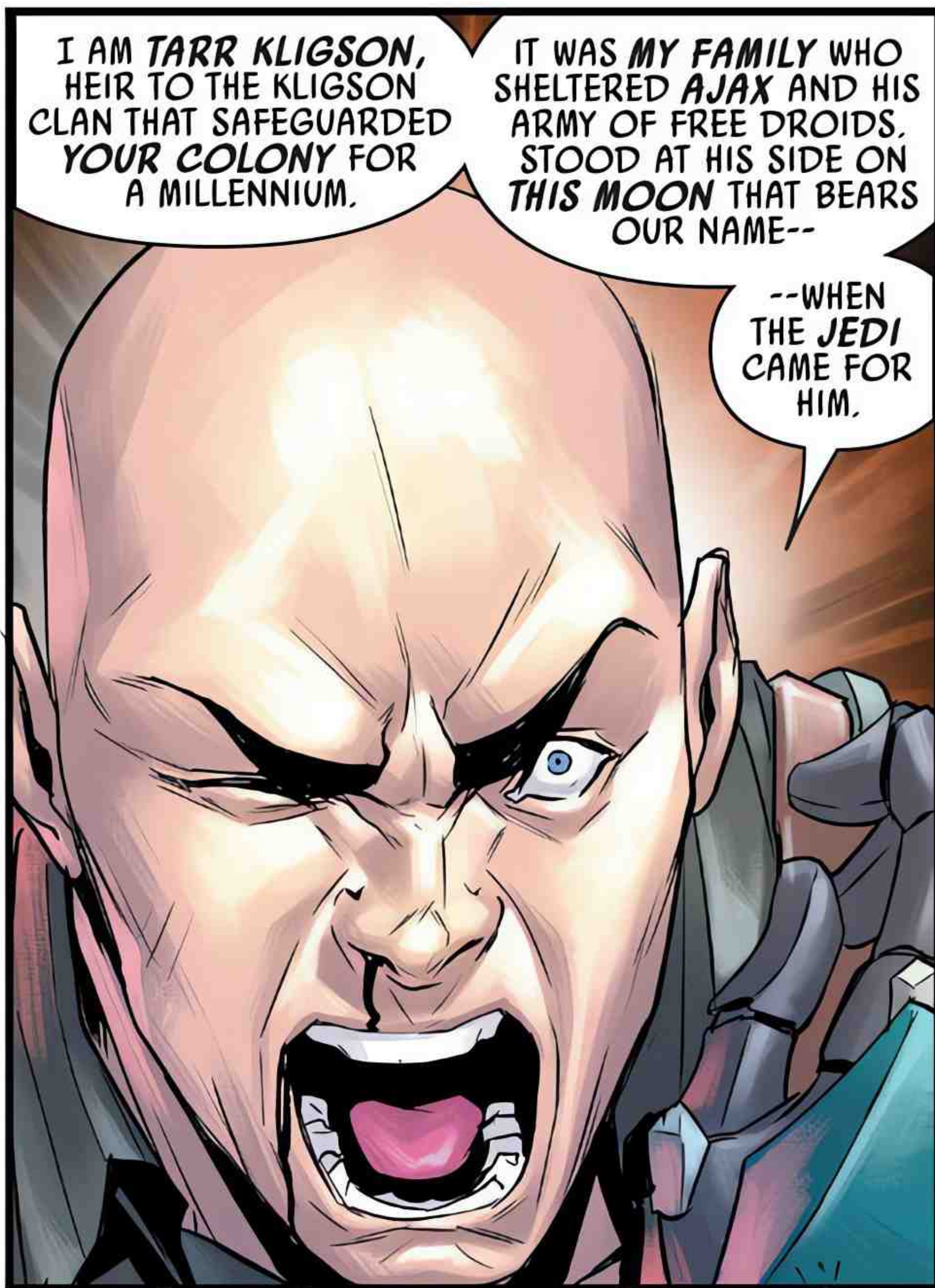
COME WITH ME.
THE GUARDIAN
WILL BE MOST
PLEASED TO
HELP YOU.



Then.

HURK!

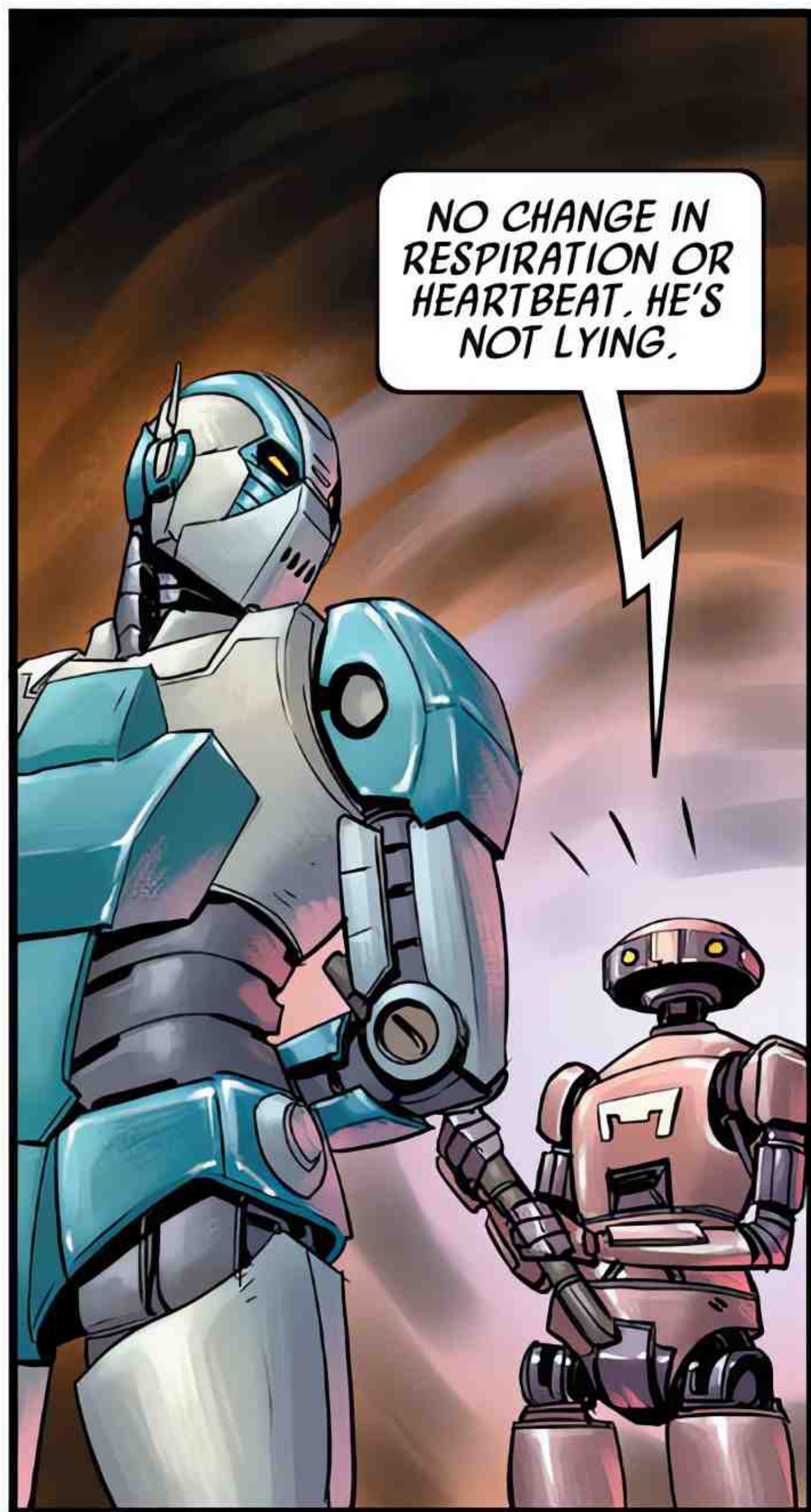
WHY ARE YOU HERE?



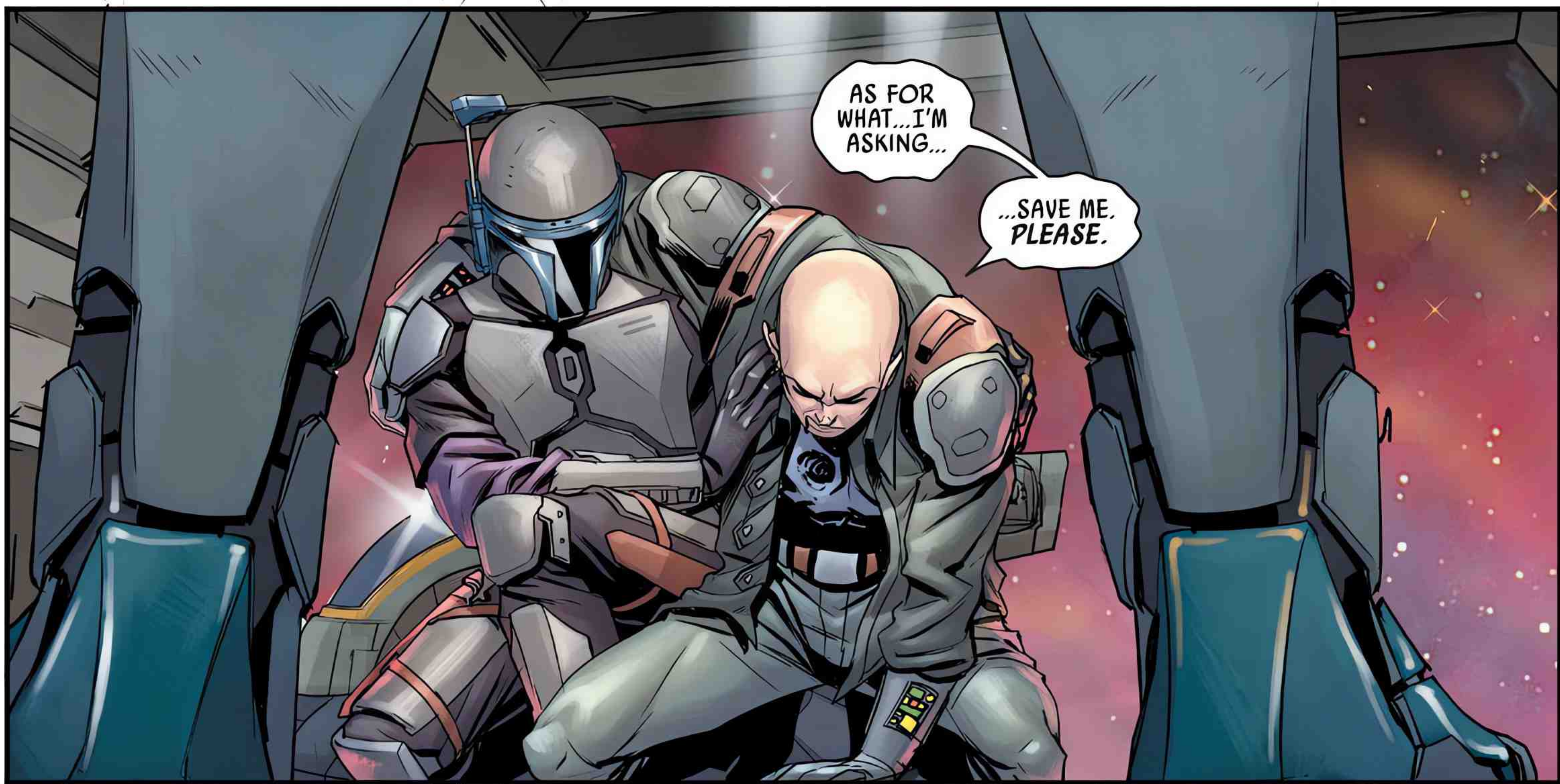
I AM TARR KLIGSON, HEIR TO THE KLIGSON CLAN THAT SAFEGUARDED YOUR COLONY FOR A MILLENNIUM.

IT WAS MY FAMILY WHO SHELTERED AJAX AND HIS ARMY OF FREE DROIDS. STOOD AT HIS SIDE ON THIS MOON THAT BEARS OUR NAME--

--WHEN THE JEDI CAME FOR HIM.



NO CHANGE IN RESPIRATION OR HEARTBEAT. HE'S NOT LYING.



AS FOR WHAT...I'M ASKING...

...SAVE ME, PLEASE.



FOR ALL YOUR CLAN DID FOR MINE...WE WILL HELP.

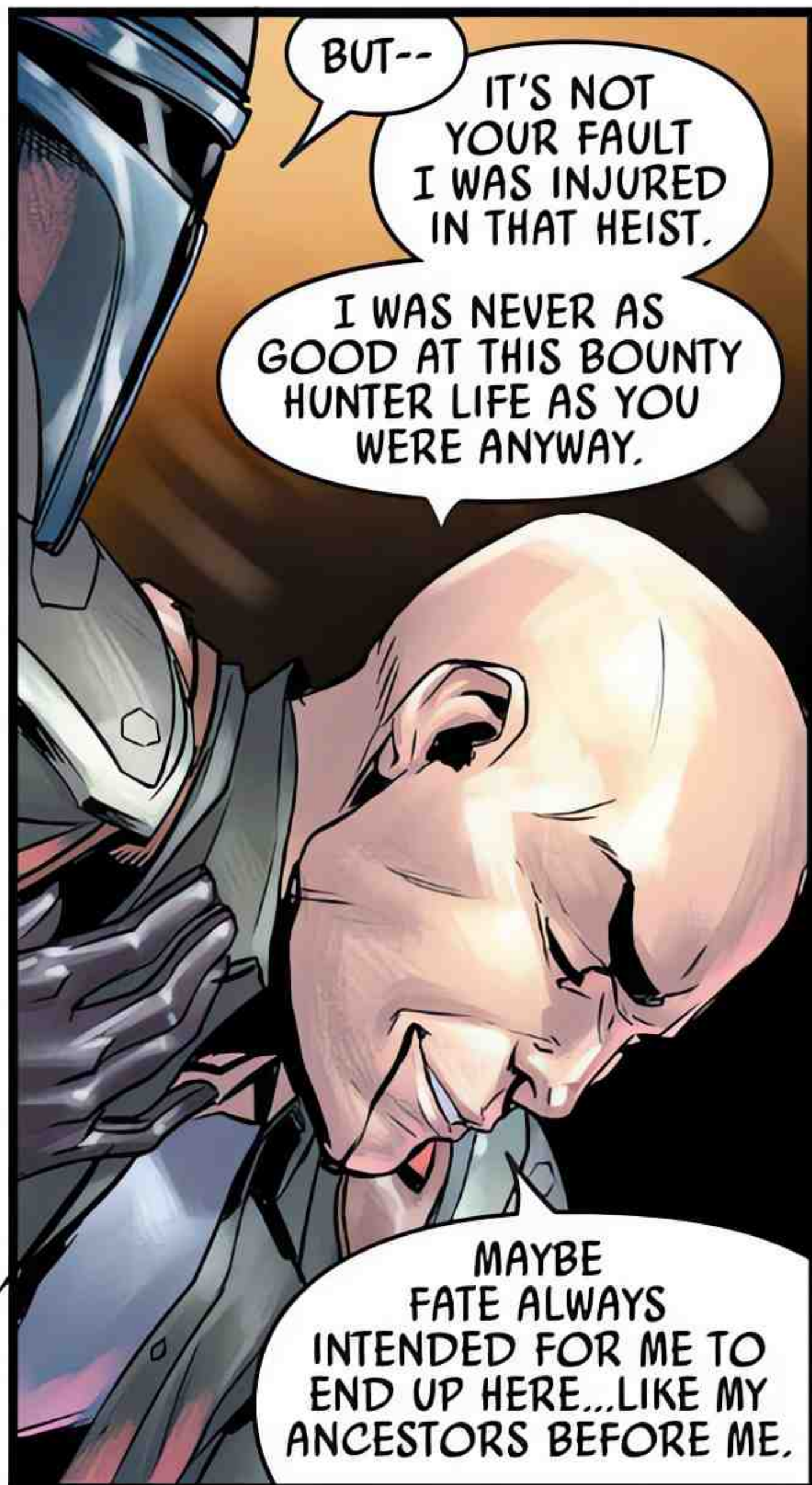
BUT THE OTHER ONE CANNOT STAY. THIS HALLOWED STATION MUST REMAIN PURE AS WE AWAIT THE RETURN OF AJAX.



IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO ABANDON--

IT'S ALL RIGHT, JANGO.

YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU CAN.

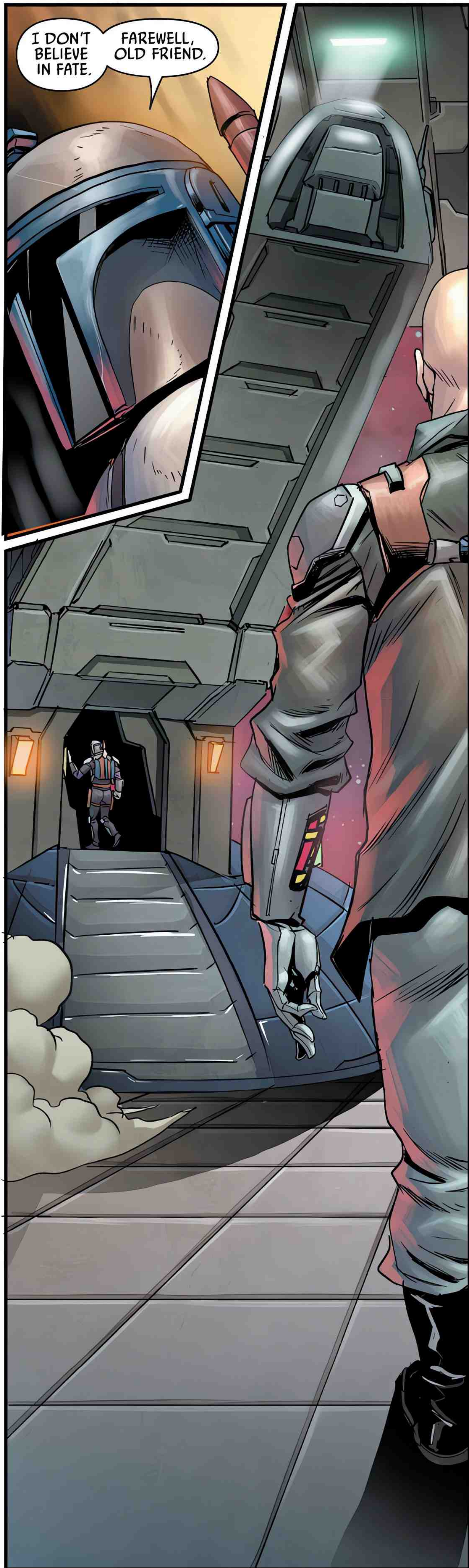


BUT--

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT I WAS INJURED IN THAT HEIST.

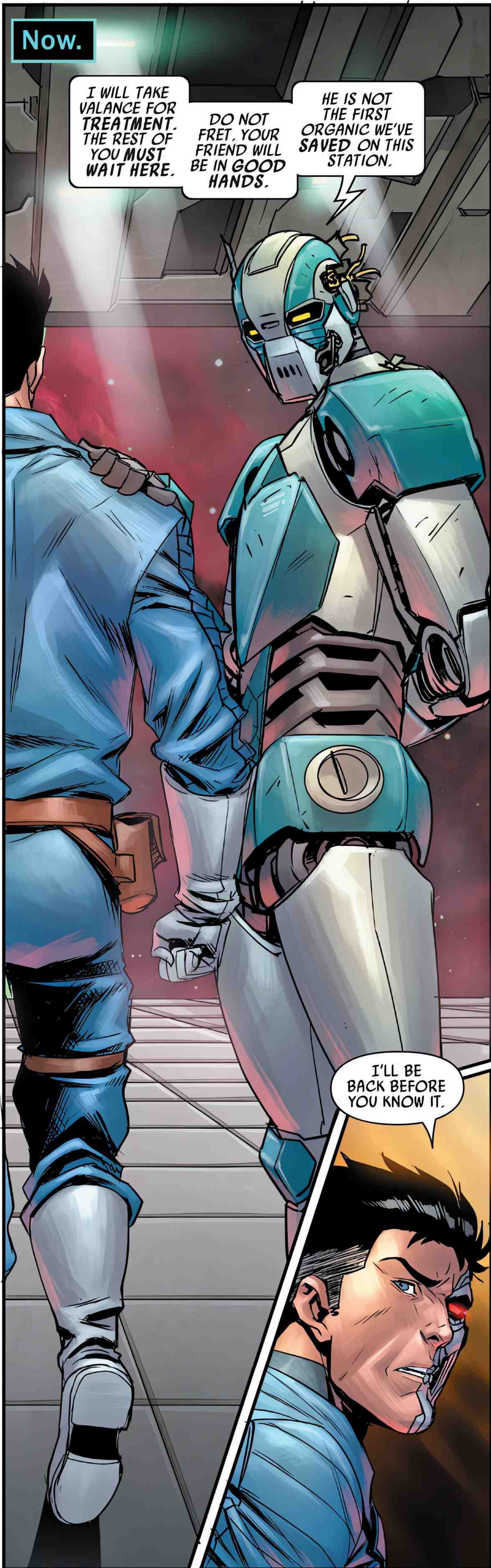
I WAS NEVER AS GOOD AT THIS BOUNTY HUNTER LIFE AS YOU WERE ANYWAY.

MAYBE FATE ALWAYS INTENDED FOR ME TO END UP HERE...LIKE MY ANCESTORS BEFORE ME.



I DON'T BELIEVE IN FATE.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND.



Now.

I WILL TAKE VALANCE FOR TREATMENT. THE REST OF YOU MUST WAIT HERE.

DO NOT FRET. YOUR FRIEND WILL BE IN GOOD HANDS.

HE IS NOT THE FIRST ORGANIC WE'VE SAVED ON THIS STATION.

I'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.



"GOOD AS NEW."

IT'SSSSS BEEN HOURS.

HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE TO SSSSIT AND WAIT?

BORING.

BOSSK, IF YOU KEEP WHINING, I'LL CUT OFF THE PARTS THAT BOBA FETT LEFT INTACT.

HEY!

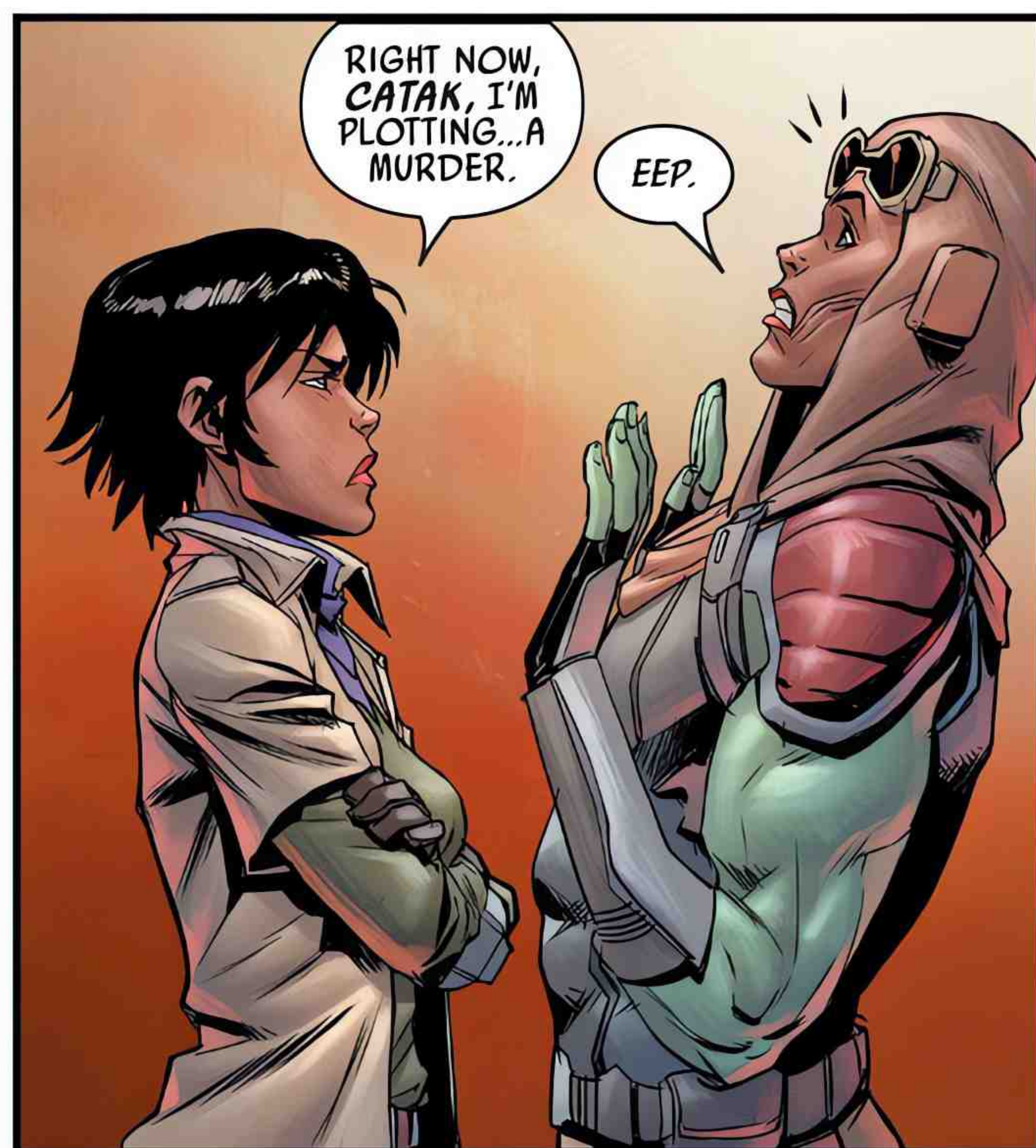
I'M NOT GOING TO CRITICIZE YOUR **STRATEGY**, "CAPTAIN"... BUT SOMETHING IS STARTING TO FEEL OFF.



OH, I'LL DO SOME CRITICIZING.

THE **ONLY** THING MISSING TO MAKE THIS PLACE MORE **OBVIOUSLY** A DEATH TRAP IS OMINOUS MUSIC PLAYING OVER THE COMM SPEAKERS.

WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH THAT PRETTY LITTLE HEAD OF YOURS WHEN YOU PLOTTED THIS **SO-CALLED MISSION**?



RIGHT NOW, **CATAK**, I'M PLOTTING...A MURDER.

EEP.



ENOUGH WITH BEING POLITE. WE NEED TO GET PROACTIVE.

LET'S GRAB ONE OF THESE DROIDS, DRAG IT BACK TO THE SHIP, AND MAKE IT TELL US WHAT IS HAPPENING ON THIS STATION.

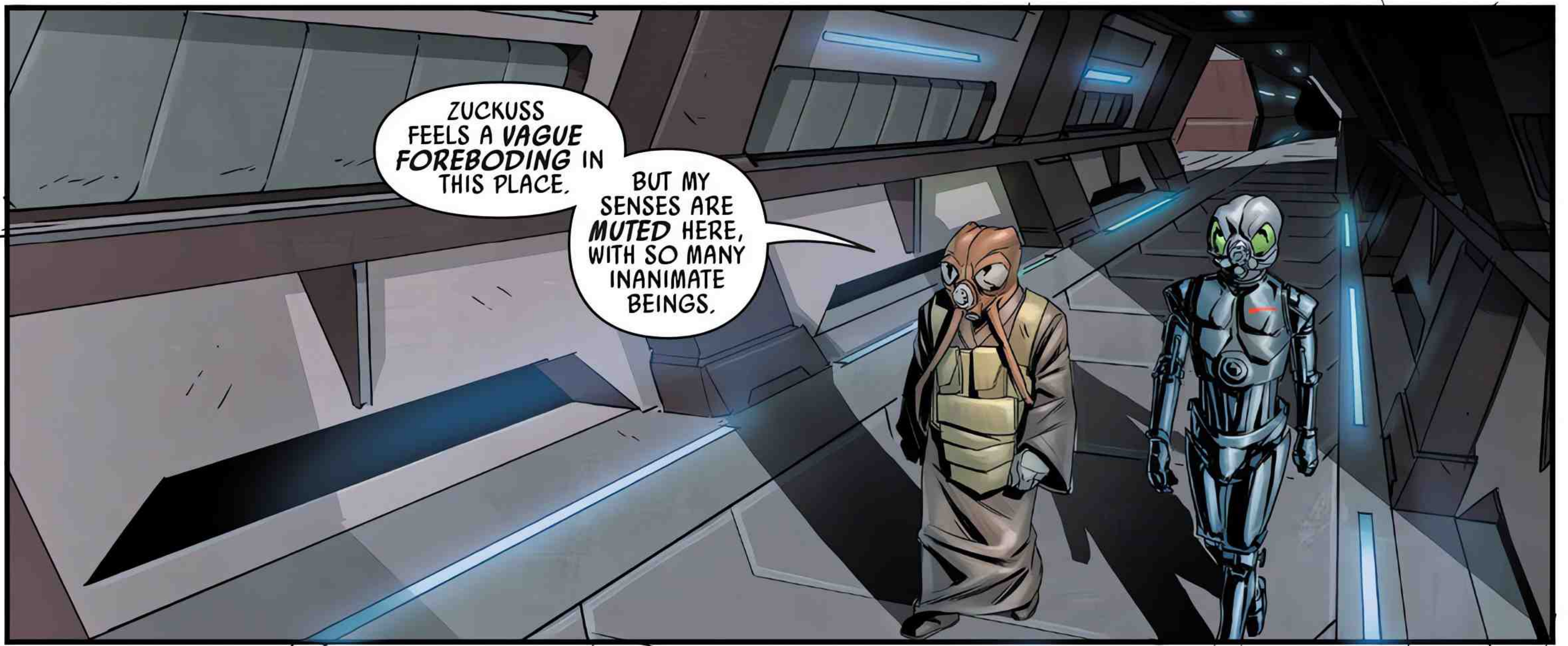
I'M THE KRIFFING CAPTAIN. I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS.



ZUCKUSS...I NEED YOU TWO TO **BREAK OFF** ON YOUR OWN.

I'M HOPING FOR-ELLOEM WILL GET INTEL OUT OF ONE OF HIS **FELLOW DROIDS** WITHOUT THE REST OF US "ORGANICS" IN THE WAY.

AFFIRMATIVE.



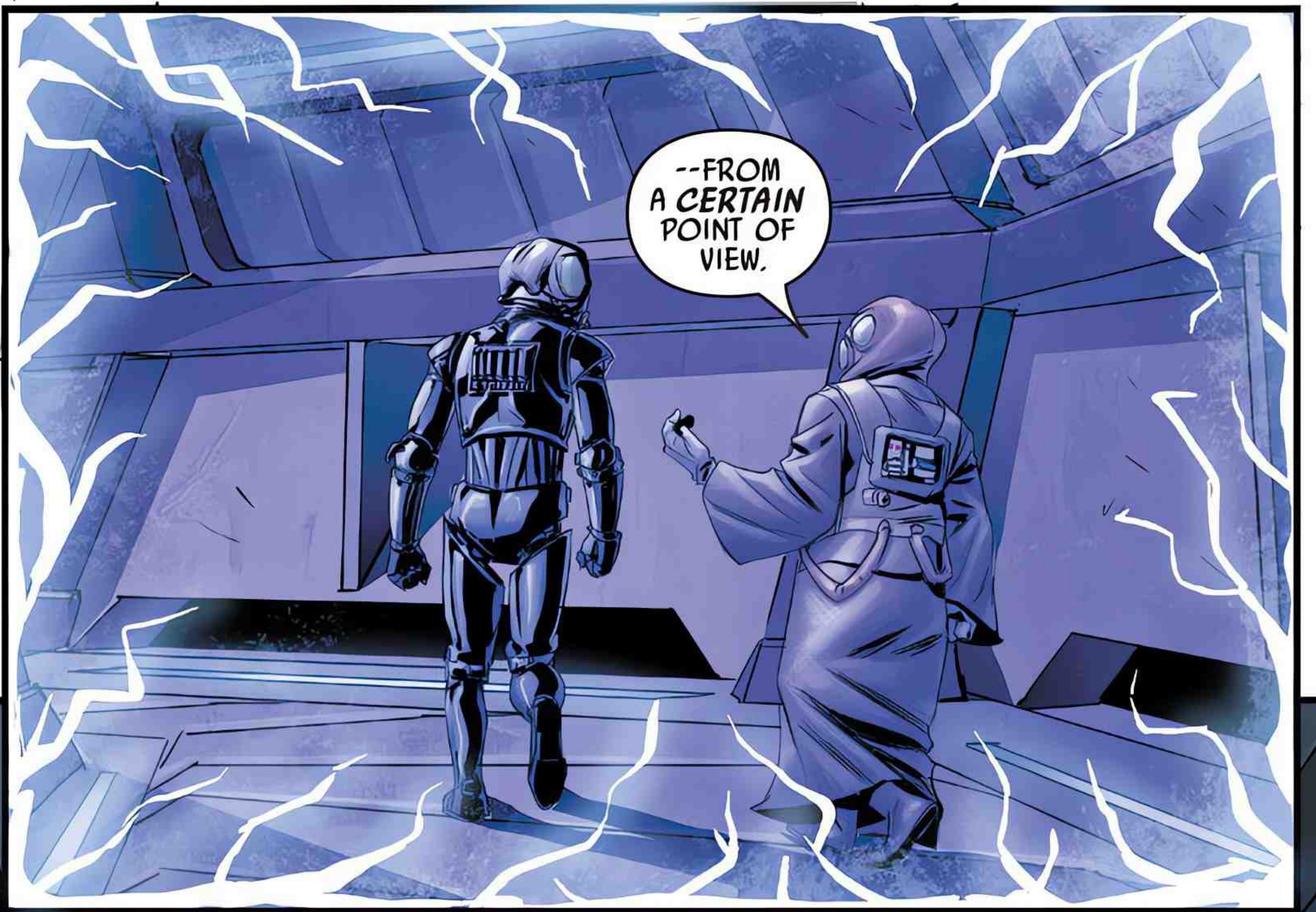
ZUCKUSS
FEELS A *VAGUE*
FOREBODING IN
THIS PLACE.

BUT MY
SENSES ARE
MUTED HERE,
WITH SO MANY
INANIMATE
BEINGS.



THAT IS
OFFENSIVE.

APOLOGIES.
ZUCKUSS KNOWS
DROIDS ARE
INDEED
ALIVE--



--FROM
A *CERTAIN*
POINT OF
VIEW.



IT WOULD
BE BEST IF WE
MOVED WITHOUT
CONVERSATION.
SILENTLY.

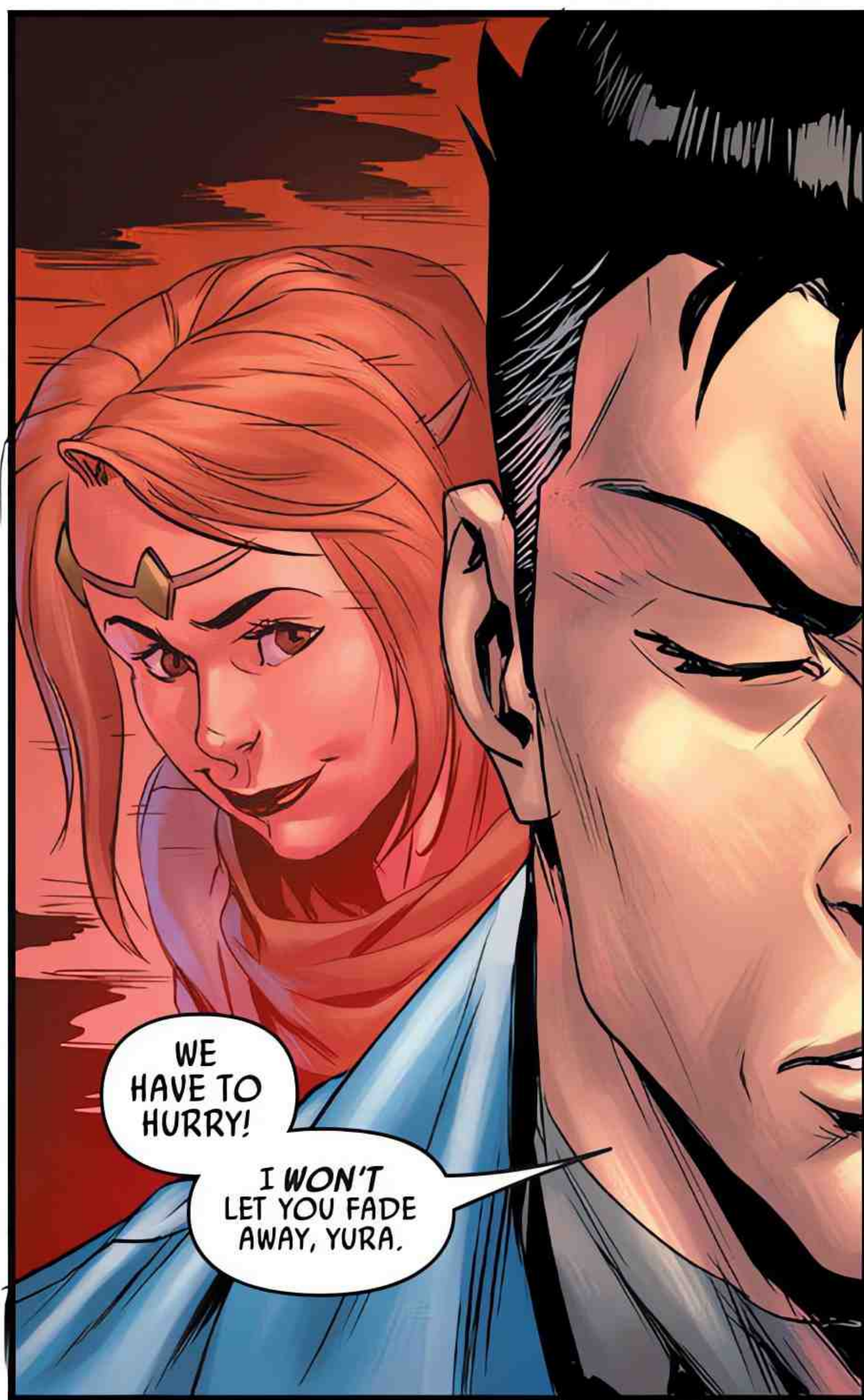
WE DO
NOT WANT TO
ATTRACT UNDO
ATTENTION.



HELLO?

IS THERE **ANYONE** OUT THERE? I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME.

MY **CEREBRAL PROCESSOR** IS ALMOST WIPED... I CAN FEEL IT.



WE HAVE TO HURRY!

I **WON'T** LET YOU FADE AWAY, YURA.



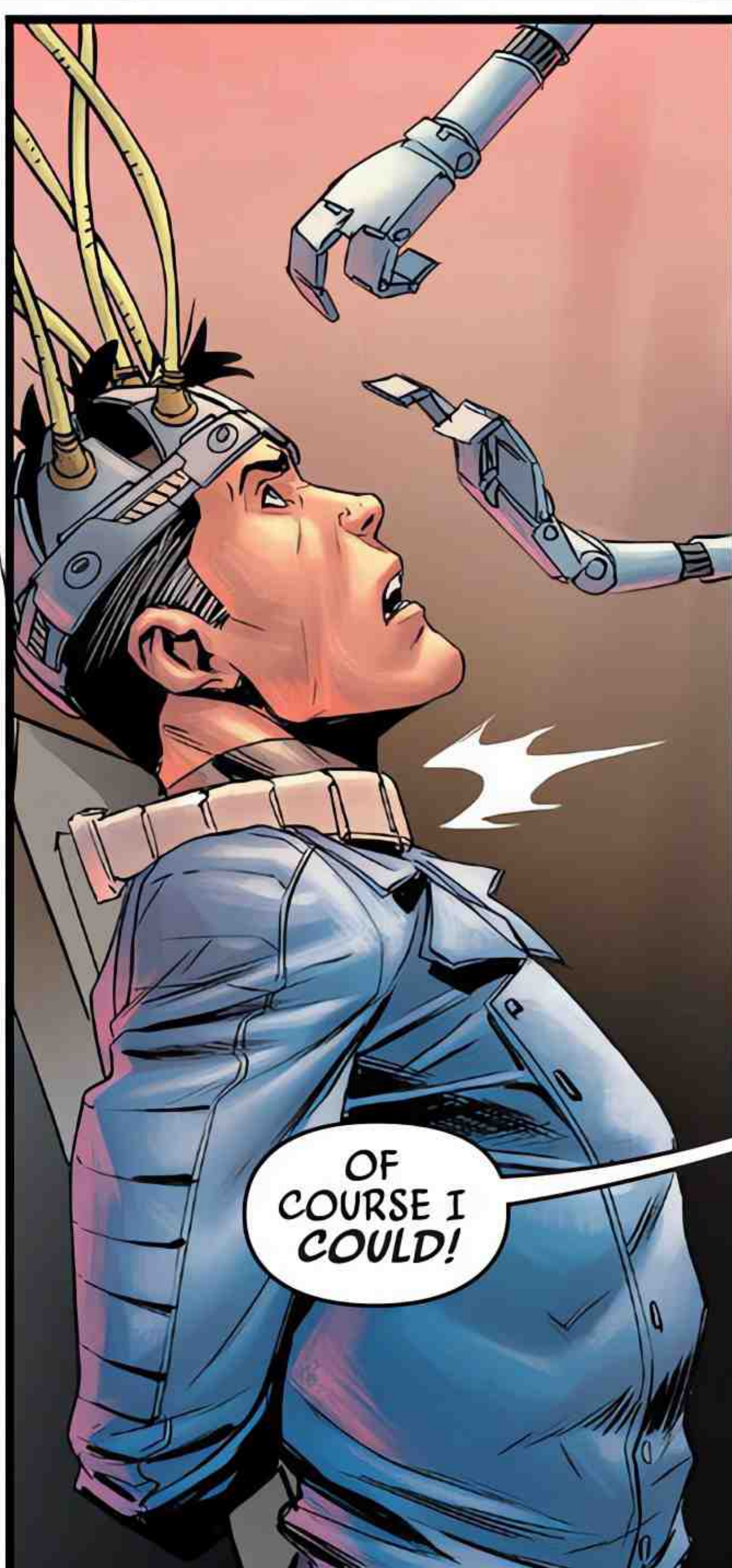
PATIENCE, BEILERT VALANCE.

THIS TYPE OF OPERATION REQUIRES **INTRICATE CALCULATION**.

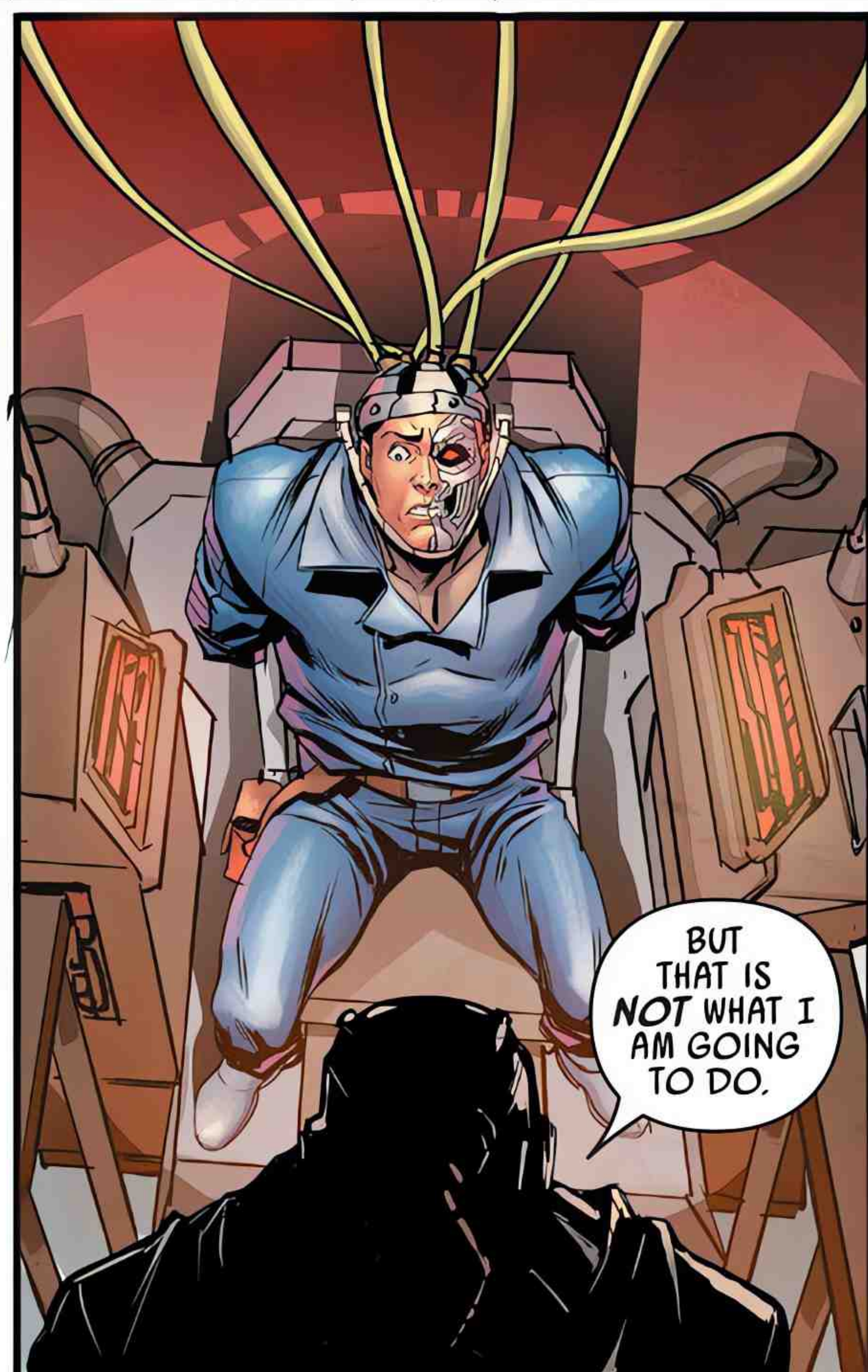


BUT THIS PRECISION WILL ALLOW US TO REPAIR SUCH A **DELICATE** PIECE OF EQUIPMENT AS THE ONE **EMBEDDED** IN YOUR BRAIN.

THEN YOU **CAN** FIX ME? YOU CAN **RESTORE** MY MEMORIES? THEY ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT OF MY OLD SELF.



OF COURSE I **COULD!**



BUT THAT IS **NOT** WHAT I AM GOING TO DO.

AT FIRST,
I HOPED YOUR
TRANSMISSION MEANT
MY FRIEND HAD RETURNED.
BUT FATE HAS BROUGHT
ME AN EVEN
BETTER GIFT.

YOU. A
VESSEL.

ONE THAT
MUST BE **WIPE
CLEAN** TO HELP USHER
IN A **PERFECT
AGE**.

AND WE CAN'T
HAVE REMNANTS OF
YOUR OLD, FLAWED
HUMAN SELF GETTING
IN THE WAY OF
THAT **DESTINY**,
CAN WE?

**WAAAAA
PPPPPP**

NOOOOO...
ARRRGHHHH!

I...
DON'T...
WANT--

"--TO
FORGET."

To be continued....

It's Coming for the Metal...

AUGUST:

~~DARK DROIDS 1~~
~~STAR WARS 37~~
~~DARTH VADER 37~~
~~DOCTOR APHRA 35~~
~~BOUNTY HUNTERS 37~~

SEPTEMBER:

STAR WARS 38
DARK DROIDS 2
D-SQUAD 1
BOUNTY HUNTERS 38
DARTH VADER 38
DOCTOR APHRA 36

OCTOBER:

STAR WARS 39
D-SQUAD 2
DARK DROIDS 3
BOUNTY HUNTERS 39
DARTH VADER 39
DOCTOR APHRA 37

NOVEMBER:

STAR WARS 40
D-SQUAD 3
DARK DROIDS 4
DARTH VADER 40
BOUNTY HUNTERS 40
DOCTOR APHRA 38

DECEMBER:

STAR WARS 41
D-SQUAD 4
BOUNTY HUNTERS 41
DARTH VADER 41
DOCTOR APHRA 39
DARK DROIDS 5

NEXT

BOUNTY HUNTERS 38



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